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REPORT

Tippecanoe Monument Commission

INDIANA, 1908

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Tippecanoe County Historical Association

Lafayette, Indiana, April 17, 1937.

Wm. M. Reser,
Acting President

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Reser, Alva O.,

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"The Log Cabin and the Wigwam".

Talk before the Tippecanoe County Historical Society - Apr. 11th, 1937. A. G. E.

THE TIPPECANOE BATTLE-FIELD MONUMENT

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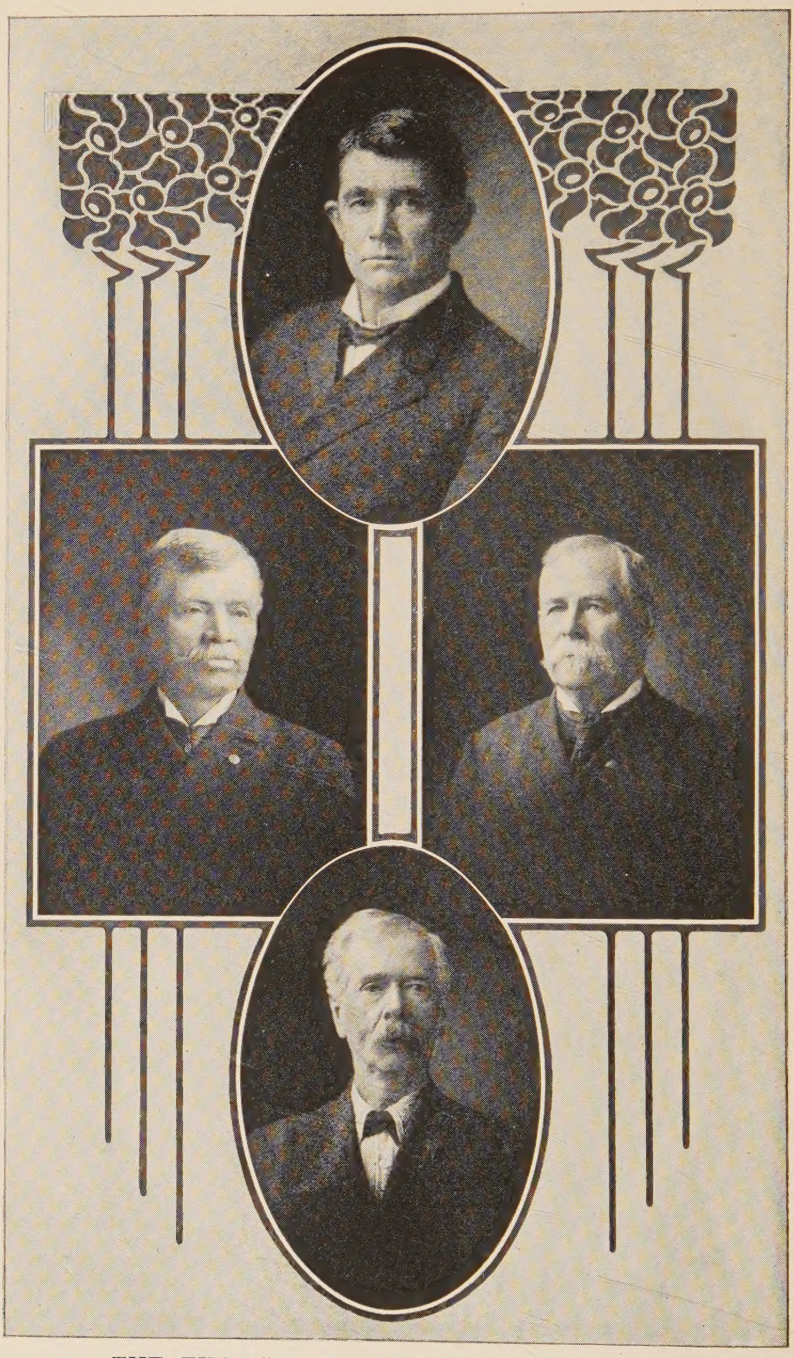

THE TIPPECANOE MONUMENT COMMISSION.

GOVERNOR J. FRANK HANLY.

ALBERT A. JONES. WESLEY E. WELLS. JOB S. SIMS.

THE TIPPECANOE BATTLE-FIELD MONUMENT

A History of the Association Formed to Promote the Enterprise

The Action of Congress and the Indiana Legislature

The Work of the Commission and the Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monument

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COMPILED BY
ALVA O. RESER

Printed by the State of Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS:
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1909

REPORT OF COMMISSION TO GOVERNOR.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 23, 1908.

To the HON. J. FRANK HANLY,

Governor of the State of Indiana:

Sir—The Indiana Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument Commission begs to report that pursuant to an act of the General Assembly, authorizing the construction of the Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument, approved February 25, 1907, the undersigned Commissioners appointed by you have carried out the provisions of said act.

Under the Federal act, authorizing the appointment of a commission and making an appropriation for the construction of the monument, it became necessary to draw the appropriation made by the State and turn it over to the Federal Government, to be expended under the direction of the War Department, through the Federal commission.

The monument was completed and dedicated November 7, 1908. A detailed report, showing the proceedings of the Commission and an accurate account of all disbursements made, has been made to the Honorable Secretary of War, and the same is attached hereto and made a part of this report.

Respectfully submitted,

JOB S. SIMS.
WESLEY E. WELLS.
A. A. JONES.

REPORT OF COMMISSION TO SECRETARY OF WAR.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 23, 1908.

To the HON. LUKE C. WRIGHT,

Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

Sir—The Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument Commission herewith submits a detailed report of the expenditures and proceedings of the Commission in the erection of the Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument. Accompanying this is a history of the project, a number of addresses delivered upon the battle-field at various times, and the dedicatory exercises. The addresses are submitted because of their historic value.

Respectfully submitted,

J. FRANK HANLY,
JOB S. SIMS,
A. A. JONES,
Commissioners.

History of the Monument Project.

The Battle of Tippecanoe was fought November 7, 1811. The importance of this battle was recognized by President Madison in a message to Congress, and by resolutions passed by the legislatures of Indiana Territory, and Kentucky and Illinois Territory. It was recognized in the early history of the State by the fact that, when new counties were organized, it became the unwritten law of those days that these new counties should be named after some hero of this battle.

The decade from 1830 to 1840 showed considerable activity with reference to the preservation of the battle-ground, and the erection of a monument thereon. This interest was largely aroused by Gen. John Tipton, Governor Noah Noble and Gen. William Henry Harrison. General Tipton, in 1829, rode on horseback from Logansport to Crawfordsville, bought the land on which the battle was fought, and, on November 7, 1836, he donated it to the State of Indiana. At each session of the legislature during the decade from 1830 to 1840 resolutions were offered (and several adopted) instructing the Governor to get a design for a monument at the battle-field of Tippecanoe. Gen. William Henry Harrison voiced this sentiment in 1835 in an address at the Tippecanoe battle-field, in which he said:

> We should not be unmindful of our soldiers who fell on the field of Tippecanoe, and whose exertions when living, and whose blood in death, made and cemented the foundations of our prosperity. The ridge upon which they lie should be consecrated as a national altar, for it has been saturated with the blood of heroes. The State should erect a monument on that battle-field. The necessity of enforcing principles of patriotism among our youth needs no vindication—and by what livlier emblem can they be taught than by planting upon our battle-fields the ever-living marble inscription, with the names of the valiant men who generously left their lives there? Teach the young men, from the examples of Daviess and Spencer and Warwick and White, and those who fell with them, to be ready, when the emergency arises, to die for their country.
>
> Happy the youth who sinks to rest
> With all his country's honors blest.

A few men generally go forward and accomplish public enterprises. In the decade from 1830 to 1840 Gen. William Henry Harrison, Gen. John Tipton (then United States Senator from Indiana), and Governor Noah Noble of Indiana, were active in promoting plans for a monument at Tippecanoe. This period in our history was only a quarter of a century from the battle. Most of the participants were yet living. Resolutions were passed by the Indiana legislature instructing the Governor to procure a suitable design for a monument, and the faith of the State was pledged to erect it. However, the fates seemed to be against this measure at that time, for Governor Noah Noble went out of office in 1837, in feeble health, and died in 1844. General Harrison became engrossed in a presidential campaign and then died in 1841, shortly after taking his office. Gen. John Tipton died in 1839. With the death of these three men the monument project seems to have been forgotten for over seventy years, except brief mention of it in the Constitutional Convention of 1850-51, and now and then some patriotic man championing the idea in Congress or the State legislature, or in the public press. However, nothing came of these efforts, and the project was forgotten and given up, until chance, as it seemed, revived the idea, and an organization was formed, which proved to be the active force in carrying forward the project to completion.

On Sunday, May 1, 1892, the different Grand Army posts of Lafayette, Indiana, were invited to the village of Battle Ground to attend a meeting of the local post there. Those in attendance were as follows:

Post 3, G. A. R.: Job S. Sims, A. S. McCormick, J. D. Wallace, E. G. Black, J. B. Shaw, A. B. Klepinger, G. W. Moore, D. C. Rankin, Joseph Kenwell, Samuel Parish, W. H. Young, and William P. Youkey.

Post 462, G. A. R.: Rollin Young, Absalom Riley, Allen Riley, George S. Gott, John Cassidy, D. G. Smith, Robert McConahay, Dr. William Dunbar, E. J. Kendall, Thomas Thorn, W. Cobb, John Henderson, and Thomas Owens.

Post 475, G. A. R.: A. S. Young, G. D. Chenoweth, Thomas Bryant, Thomas Pierce, Solomon Penrod.

This meeting of the Grand Army posts was turned into a campfire, and there were a number of patriotic speeches delivered. One of the speakers said: "We ought to get up a memorial society to take care of those graves there on the battle-field." Job S. Sims was the last speaker, and he suggested that there ought to be formed an association not only to take care of the graves on the

battle-field, but to decorate the graves, and to take up the project of a monument in memory of the dead. Pursuant to that suggestion, a metting was held at the office of James B. Shaw, in the city of Lafayette, Saturday, May 7, 1892, at 2 o'clock, and the Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument Association was formed, with the following officers:

Job S. Sims, President.
J. W. Henderson, First Vice-President.
Thomas Pierce, Second Vice-President.
J. B. Shaw, Secretary.
George D. Chenoweth, Assistant Secretary.
W. P. Youkey, Treasurer.

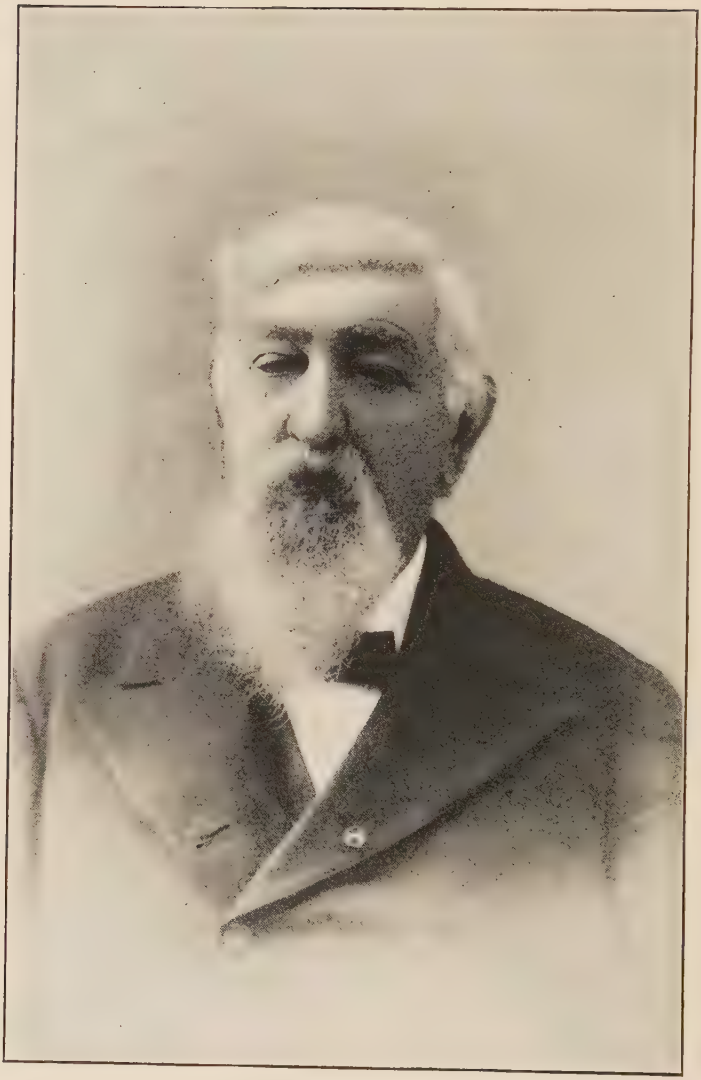
These officers were re-elected each year for sixteen years, except in 1894, when Capt. J. B. Shaw was elected President, Job S. Sims being in California. Captain Shaw served as Secretary until 1904, when Alva O. Reser became Secretary and remained such until the Association had completed its work by having an appropriation made by Congress and by the State legislature of Indiana. Then the matter was taken up by the Tippecanoe Monument Commission, appointed by the Secretary of War, by the Governor, and by the national act.

Each year public exercises have been held at the battle-field, patriotic addresses delivered and patriotic songs sungs. Those who assisted in the singing at these several yearly meetings were Lizzie Cissel, Ada Rush, Edna Sparks, G. E. Steen, Angie Stair, John R. Mahin, Fletcher Downs, Rossetta Smith, W. F. Smith, A. W. Smith, B. W. Bryan, Zula Cowgill, Lillie Downs, Alta Wells, W. W. Mershon, Martha Westfall, Ethel Streeter, Frank E. Ridgway, Cecil Ridgway, John S. Moore, Mabel Moore, James McLean, Jessie McLean, Eliza Hart, Mattie Cowger, F. L. Cowger, Eva Klepinger, Mattie Murphy, Jessie Francis, Nellie Francis, June Wallis, Royal Hart, Ortie Hart, Earl Clark, Blanch Clark, Ora Downing, L. E. Cowgill, Ada Carleton, Gertrude Thomas, William Jackman, John Connelly, Alice Jones, Nannie Hodgin, Essie Beeker, Asa Waples, Pearl Hamilton, Cora Black and Mrs. Percy Moore.

The first public exercises were held Sunday morning, June 26, 1892. Addresses were made by Capt. A. A. Rice, the Hon. William S. Haggard, the Rev. George S. Stansbury, and Capt. J. B. Shaw. In the afternoon of the same day Gen. M. D. Manson delivered an address and remarks were made by S. Vater, Capt. J. B. Shaw and M. E. Clodfelter. General Manson was in feeble health and spoke only a few minutes.

CAPTAIN JAMES B. SHAW,
SECRETARY.

E. G. BLACK,
TREASURER.



GENERAL M. D. MANSON.

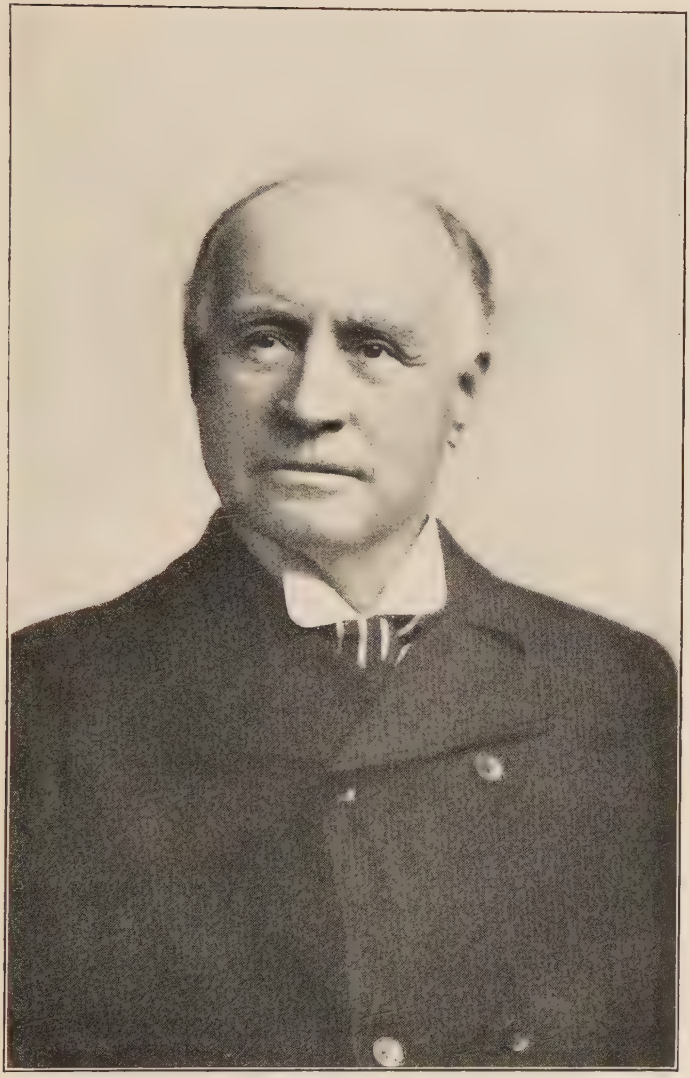
The Hon. M. E. Clodfelter, of Crawfordsville, with reference to this visit of General Manson's to the Tippecanoe Battle-field, says:

A few days prior to Sunday, June 26, 1892, I met General Manson, and talked with him concerning the meeting to be held at the battle-field on that date. He discussed the project of erecting a monument on those grounds, and was enthusiastic in its support. He said it was his intention to be at the meeting, and that he would, if his health permitted, deliver a brief address. He stated that he regarded the meeting as a very important one in the history of the State, and he expressed the hope that it would be largely attended. I promised the General that I would so arrange my affairs as to be present. I did so. The General was at that time in feeble health, having been attacked with a slight stroke of paralysis, which, to some extent, affected his speech. The meeting was well attended, especially by the old soldiers. When called upon, the General, apparently, forgot his infirmities, and delivered an earnest, enthusiastic address, manifesting much of his accustomed vigor. In his preliminary remarks, he complimented the public spirit of the citizens of Lafayette and Tippecanoe County in pushing forward so noble a project, which the State should have inaugurated and completed years before. He said he felt that he stood on holy ground, and it looked like a long time that this country had neglected its mighty dead, and he was glad that it had entered into the hearts of some to tardily set on foot this movement to honor the memory of the heroes of Tippecanoe. After his preliminary remarks, he grew somewhat eloquent; spoke of the hazardous undertaking of Harrison's command; of the treacherous character of the foe he had to meet; of the many difficulties encountered in making forced marches through the wild tanglewood of the dense forests, with the thought of an ambush at any moment. This required men of determination and courage. Then the speaker turned for a moment to the actual battle, and gave a vivid description of the suddenness of the attack made by the Indians upon Harrison's army; that, while the attack was a surprise, there were no cowards found in the ranks of the surprised soldiers. Every officer and every soldier was at his post. The battle raged with great fury. The General here gave a vivid picture of the battle, naming many of the officers in charge, and their positions, commending the heroic bravery exhibited, under the most trying circumstances. He said that the tendency was to minimize the affair as but a skirmish, when in truth and in fact, it was one of the great battles of history, both in its severity and the results accomplished by the victory; that, in proportion to the number of men engaged, it was one of the bloody battles of our early history; that thirty-seven as brave American soldiers were killed, and one hundred and fifty more wounded, as ever took part in any battle in any country. The General made an appeal for the cause in substantially these words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: These are holy grounds, consecrated by the blood of some of America's bravest sons. They suffered and died in defense of their country's cause. The peace and safety of the government demanded their services and their sacrifice, and they willingly responded, placing love of country above the love of even life itself. Such devotion to country, such self-sacrifice, such fearless courage, and such beneficent results as were sought and secured

by this great frontier battle, demands more than a passing recognition. While it is true that these brave officers and men have erected a monument in the hearts of their countrymen more enduring than brass or marble, yet there should be a visible monument in commemoration of the place and in honor of the brave officers and men who won this substantial victory in behalf of civil government in the early history of our State. Such a monument would lend an inspiration to the young men of our State and nation throughout generations yet to come."

This was probably the last important speech General Manson ever attempted to make. It is greatly to be regretted that a stenographic report of this speech was not made and preserved.



CAPTAIN A. A. RICE.

ADDRESSES BEFORE ASSOCIATION.

Addresses were made from year to year before this association, as follows:

Sunday, June 24, 1894, Capt. A. A. Rice, W. V. Stoy and B. F. Magee.

Wednesday, June 19, 1895, the Hon. J. Frank Hanly and James L. Glasscock.

Thursday, June 25, 1896, Gen. R. P. DeHart and the Hon. George D. Parks.

Sunday, June 20, 1897, Gen. Lew Wallace and the Hon. Will R. Wood.

Sunday, June 19, 1898, the Rev. C. B. Wilcox and Gen. R. P. DeHart.

Sunday, June 18, 1899, Gen. R. P. DeHart.

Sunday, June 17, 1900, the Hon. Edgar D. Randolph and the Hon. Alva O. Reser.

Sunday, June 16, 1901, the Hon. E. D. Crumpacker and Gen. R. P. DeHart.

Sunday, June 15, 1902, the Hon. Henry W. Watterson.

Sunday, June 21, 1903, Gen. John C. Black.

Sunday, June 19, 1904, the Hon. Alva O. Reser.

Sunday, June 18, 1905, Gen. R. P. DeHart and the Hon. Alva O. Reser.

Sunday, June 17, 1906, George W. Switzer.

Such of the above addresses as it has been possible to obtain are given in this compilation, as they contain much valuable historical information which, in the opinion of the Commission, should be preserved.

It became the consensus of opinion among the members of the monument association that the Battle of Tippecanoe, being of a national character in its results, that the State and the Nation should equally share in the erection of a monument. A committee waited upon the Hon. Edgar D. Crumpacker, representing the Tenth Congressional District in Congress, and he pledged to the association that he would use his best endeavors to carry forward the project, which he did with admirable industry and signal ability, aided by the other congressmen from the State of Indiana, and by Senators Beveridge and Hemenway, representing Indiana in the United States Senate. The bill was signed by President Theo-

dore Roosevelt, the President giving the pen with which he signed the bill to Mr. Crumpacker, who presented it to the Secretary of the Tippecanoe Monument Association. Senator Will R. Wood, an experienced legislator, and representing Tippecanoe County in the State Senate, agreed to push the matter through the legislature. He introduced a bill in the State Senate, which passed that body without a dissenting vote, showing that Senator Wood carried out his trust with conspicuous ability and absolute fidelity. Senator Wood's efforts in the State Senate were supplemented in the House by the Hon. Thomas N. Andrew and the Hon. J. F. Simison, representing Tippecanoe County in the House of Representatives of the Indiana Legislature, which it passed with only a few votes against it. When the bill had passed the legislature it was promptly signed by Governor J. Frank Hanly. The national act carried with it an appropriation of $12,500, and the State act an appropriation of $12,500, making a total appropriation of $25,000.

HISTORY OF THE TIPPECANOE MONUMENT BILL IN CONGRESS.

S. 8012. To erect a monument on the Tippecanoe battle-ground in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, was introduced in the 59th Congress, 2d session, by Mr. Beveridge. Introduced in the Senate Jan. 22, 1907, referred to the Committee on the Library. Reported back, without amendment, and report thereon submitted (S. report No. 6474) Feb. 8, 1907. Debated and passed the Senate, Feb. 11, 1907. Referred to the House Committee on the Library, Feb. 11, 1907. Committee discharged, bill debated and passed the House, March 3, 1907. Signed by the Speaker and Vice-President, March 4, 1907. Approved and signed by President, March 4, 1907.

AN ACT to erect a monument on the Tippecanoe battle-ground in Tippecanoe County, Indiana.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the sum of twelve thousand five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended with the sum hereinafter named, under the direction of the Secretary of War, in procuring and erecting a monument upon Tippecanoe battle-ground in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, in honor of Gen. William Henry Harrison and the soldiers who composed the American army in the battle of Tippecanoe on the seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and eleven: *Provided*, That this appropriation is made upon the condition that the State of Indiana shall provide a like sum, to be expended for said purpose under the direction of the Secretary of War, in connection with the sum herein appropriated; and no part of the sum herein appropriated shall be available until said sum to be provided by the State of Indiana shall have been placed at the disposal of the Secretary of War.

SEC. 2. That the Secretary of War shall appoint one person who, with the governor of the State of Indiana and the president of the Tippecanoe Battle-ground Memorial Association, a voluntary association in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, shall constitute a commission, whose duty it shall be to select a suitable design for said monument, with such emblems and inscriptions as will properly commemorate the valor and sacrifices of the American army at the battle of Tippecanoe, subject to the approval of the Secretary of War.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of said commission to select a site for said monument, which shall be on the battle-ground, to superintend the erection thereof, and to make all necessary and proper arrangements for the unveiling and dedication of the same when it shall have been completed. Said commissioners shall serve without compensation, and the State of Indiana shall make due provision for the protection and preservation of said monument without expense to the government of the United States.

Approved, March 4, 1907, 11 a. m.

HISTORY OF THE TIPPECANOE MONUMENT BILL IN THE INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

Friday, January 11, 1907, Senator Will R. Wood, of Tippecanoe County, introduced Senate Bill No. 45, providing for the erection of a monument on the Tippecanoe battle-field. The bill was read the first time by title, and referred to the Committee on Finance.

Wednesday, January 16, 1907, bill was reported favorably by Finance Committee of the Senate.

Friday, January 18, 1907, read second time by title and ordered engrossed.

Wednesday, January 23, 1907, bill passed the Senate, unanimously.

Thursday, February 21, 1907, bill passed the House.

February 23, 1907, bill signed by the Speaker.

February 23, 1907, bill signed by President of the Senate.

February 26, 1907, bill signed by the Governor.

The following is the bill above named, as enacted into law:

AN ACT providing for the erection of a monument upon the Tippecanoe battle-field in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, and providing for an appropriation for the same, and declaring an emergency.

WHEREAS, It has been more than ninety-five years since the battle of Tippecanoe was fought; and

WHEREAS, Up to this time no monument has been erected to commemorate the heroism of those engaged on behalf of the United States in said battle, or to commemorate the importance of the successful termination of said battle in the settlement of the great northwest; and

WHEREAS, A bill asking for the appropriation of twelve thousand five hundred dollars for the erection of such a monument in the event a like sum is appropriated by the State of Indiana, has been favorably acted upon and reported by the lower house of the United States Congress; therefore,

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana,* That there be hereby appropriated out of any funds in the State treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of twelve thousand five hundred dollars for the purpose of aiding in the purchase and erection of a monument upon the Tippecanoe battle-field, in Tippecanoe County, Indiana: Provided, however, That said sum shall not be paid until a like sum is appropriated by the United States government for the same purpose.

SEC. 2. Three trustees shall be appointed by the governor, whose duty it shall be to carry out the provisions of this act, and said trustees shall serve without compensation.

SEC. 3. Said trustees shall keep an accurate account of all disbursements and make a full report thereof and of the execution of their trust to the governor.

SEC. 4. There being an emergency for this act, the same shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage.

MEETING OF COMMISSION.

On January 6, 1908, Governor P. Frank Hanly, Job S. Sims, A. A. Jones and Wesley E. Wells, members of the Tippecanoe Monument Commission, met and organized as follows:

President, Governor J. Frank Hanly.
Treasurer, Job S. Sims.
Secretary, A. A. Jones.

On February 12, 1908, contract for erection of monument was let to McDonnell & Sons, Buffalo, New York, for the sum of $24,500. A detailed statement of expenditures will be found at the end of this volume.

Program of Exercises.

The following is the program of the dedicatory exercises held on the battle-field, Saturday, November 7, 1908, which is followed by the detailed report:

MORNING EXERCISES, 10 A. M.

A. O. Reser, Chairman.

Music.....Lafayette Band
Opening Address.....Hon. E. D. Crumpacker
Music.....Burrough's Band
Address.....Hon. Will R. Wood
Song—"On the Banks of the Wabash,".....Master Sherman Smith
Music.....Soldiers' Home Band
Address.....Colonel R. P. DeHart
Music.....Lafayette Band

UNVEILING EXERCISES AT 1 P. M.

Music.....Tenth U. S. Regular Band
Song—"America" .....Battle Ground Choir
Invocation.....Rev. A. L. Miller, of Battle Ground
Song—"Star Spangled Banner".....Choir
Address by Job S. Sims,
Presenting the Monument to the Government and State
Unveiling, by Miss June Etta Wallis, Battle Ground
Music—"Hail Columbia".....Lafayette Band
Acceptance by Governor J. Frank Hanly
Song—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"....Mrs. Edgar Taylor
Address by Secretary of War, Receiving the Monument
Song—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean".....Choir
Salute the dead, by the 10th Regiment U. S. Regulars
Music—"Hail Columbia".....Band

Morning Exercises.

TIPPECANOE BATTLE-FIELD, November 7, 1908,
10 o'clock.

CHAIRMAN RESER: Sallust, the Roman historian, more than nineteen hundred years ago, wrote "Republics are ungrateful." On down through the ages and centuries, those old historians almost invariably wrote "Republics are ungrateful." But if those old historians had seen the pension rolls of this government, $150,000,000 a year; if they had seen the soldiers' homes of this country—both National and State; if they had seen the American people on Memorial Day in 10,000 cemeteries garlanding the graves of the heroic dead; if they had seen the Nation and the State erecting this beautiful monument, they would not have written "Republics are ungrateful."

In Europe they erect monuments to individuals—to their generals. In America we erect monuments to the soldiery. The Bunker Hill monument was erected in memory of Revolutionary heroes. The magnificent monument at Indianapolis was erected in memory of the soldiers and sailors of Indiana. And the Nation and State by the erection of this monument are showing to the world that those who braved the dangers of bloody and cruel Indian warfare are not forgotten by their country.

The Battle of Tippecanoe was a battle of national importance. It was really the first shot in the War of 1812. It early became the consensus of opinion of the Tippecanoe Monument Association that this, being a battle of national importance in its results, that the Nation should join with the State in the erection of a monument. This idea met the approval of our representative in Congress. He managed a bill through Congress, carrying with it an appropriation of $12,500. In getting this matter through, he encountered many obstacles. He overcame them all. I do not believe that a man of less conspicuous ability, of less energy, or of less commanding influence, could have carried this project through successfully. It therefore gives me pleasure to introduce to you our splendid representative in Congress, the Hon. E. D. Crumpacker, who will now address you.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. E. D. CRUMPACKER.

I first desire to congratulate the Tippecanoe Battle Ground Memorial Association of Tippecanoe County, Indiana, for the culmination of this project—the erection of a suitable monument, as a tribute of gratitude to those who fought and to those who died upon this sacred soil.

To this association, I think, more than to any other particular organization in the country, is due the construction of this splendid shaft of granite today. The Battle of Tippecanoe, fought upon this ground ninety-seven years and a few hours ago, was a conflict of national significance. It was more than a milepost in the conflict between civilization and savagery, because it had a vital bearing upon the Second War of Independence with the mother country—the War of 1812. There is no doubt it was in the minds of the leaders in both England and the United States some time before the conflict occurred here that another war was inevitable; that the patriotic and self-respecting spirit of American manhood, of necessity, would revolt against the humiliating treatment accorded to this country by Great Britain. The savages along the western frontier were being organized into a general confederation with a view of becoming the allies of Great Britain in the coming conflict; and the great Tecumseh, I think perhaps the most intelligent, the most broad-minded, in many respects the greatest Indian we know of in history, was designated to travel about throughout the land and organize all the Indian tribes into one great confederation, to resist the encroachment of the Americans upon what he termed to be their native soil. The policy of the great chief Tecumseh was that the land of North America, of natural right, belonged to all the Indian tribes; that they held it as owners or tenants in common; that no single tribe had the power to cede or grant any of this territory to the white; that if a tribe occupying a particular section of the common country saw fit to yield its possession to someone else, the right then belonged to other Indians to enter upon and occupy it. That principle of common rights was the basic principle of Tecumseh's Confederation; and it was his purpose in the course of the month before this battle was fought, to organize the Indian tribes from the lakes to the gulf in a solid compact. They would then have been

HON. EDGAR D. CRUMPACKER.

ready to co-operate with the troops of Great Britain toward resisting the encroachments of the Americans; and no man can tell what would have been the result if that confederation had succeeded, and it would have succeeded in effecting a most dangerous organization, had it not been for the Battle of Tippecanoe, because its center was at the Prophet's village within a mile or so of this point.

General Harrison, the governor then of Indiana Territory, foresaw what might be in store for the Americans along the frontier, and wisely came here to demand assurance of peace. The result was the Battle of Tippecanoe, and the absolute destruction of the Indian forces, and the utter overthrow of Tecumseh, and the destruction of all his efforts to bring about a confederation of the Indian tribes.

Therefore, my fellow-citizens, the contest which was fought here was one of national importance, and it is altogether appropriate that the federal government should recognize its importance in contributing from the public revenues toward the erection of a monument to the men who fought and died upon this ground. These brave pioneers suffered many privations and hardships that are unknown to this generation. Intellectual, religious and social progress always meets with stubborn resistance. It seems to me that all the good things of life come through sacrifice and toil and tribulation. Nothing in life seems to be worth anything unless it costs something to obtain it. There had to be the agony of Gethsemane, before there could be the glory of a resurrection. It was necessary that there should be a Valley Forge, with all its horrors and sufferings, before there could be a Yorktown. There was a Bull Run before an Appomattox. In the progress of human nature it is necessary to meet and overcome fixed customs and habits, to root out ignorance and superstition; and these great conflicts which mark the pathway of civilized man toward a higher and better life, are marked with conflicts and sacrifices all along the line.

In reading the history of civilization, one is apt to be led to the belief that war, bloodshed, fire and smoke, has been the chief occupation of mankind in the centuries that have passed. If the men who struggled upon this field were able to look from their abode in the other world down upon this splendid empire today, upon this gathering of people prompted to come here by hearts filled with gratitude—it would seem to me if they would be prompted by emotions there as human nature here, their eyes must indubitably swell with tears. This monument does not pay the debt of gratitude

the American people owe these men. In no sense does it do that. It is not so designed. It is simply a reminder of the obligation we are under to the men who struggled on this field, and to the great army of pioneer men and women who came to the frontier and established conditions that make life so happy and prosperous for you and me. The best tribute the people of the United States can pay to the memories of our forefathers who struggled and sacrificed for our welfare is to perfect the work they so well began, to so direct the great forces of our complex civilization as to lead mankind to a higher and nobler life, to establish the principles of justice and political and social brotherhood throughout the length and breadth of this great country of ours. Our laws and our policies ought to reflect, in an increasing degree, the very highest conceptions of justice, liberty and truth. It is your duty and mine, my fellow-citizens, to take advantage of every opportunity, to employ our best efforts, to improve conditions, political, industrial, commercial and social. It is your duty, and mine, to assist in establishing conditions so that every man, however high and important he may be, will look upon every other citizen—the lowly and the humble as well as the great—as his equal. It is your duty, and mine, to assist in the establishment of conditions that will give every man in our broad land an equal chance with every other man to make the most he possibly can of the powers which the Lord has committed to him. These great principles of liberty, justice and equality, should be forever cherished in the hearts of the American people. Let there be no departure from them in their original purity, but let us in this day and age expand and amplify and apply them to all conditions of life and society, so that these great principles shall become living realities as well as political theories. This great government that we enjoy contains within its organization, powers that are capable of controlling the destiny of all the civilized world. Its attitude among the nations of the earth should be that of moral, intellectual and political leadership. We talk about commercial supremacy and industrial leadership! The supremacy, my fellow-citizens, that will glorify American manhood and the great Republic, will be supremacy in the principles of justice and liberty and universal brotherhood. It is talked occasionally about there being an ultimate conflict between the Saxon and the Slav for world-wide supremacy. There will be no conflict, in my judgment, in the course of years—no final conflict—except in the principles of love and justice, the great principles that are calculated to uplift and bless mankind, which in the course of years, as education and

the spirit of freedom become universal in our country, will be the property of all mankind, and the only strife will be as to what people shall best serve the world—what people can best show the highest and noblest and purest manhood and womanhood.

I want to congratulate you again upon the completion of this splendid granite shaft. Let it be a reminder to us of the sacrifices that have been made for our good. Let it be a constant inspiration for us to try to do more and more, with the coming years, for the benefit of society, for the improvement of our great government. Let us bear in mind always that man does not live unto himself alone; that while he is enjoined to make due provision for himself and those dependent on him (for his own household), that he must always bear in mind that he has no right to overlook the interests of his neighbor; that he has no right to do an unjust act. Let the principle of justice and humanity prompt all our actions and all our thoughts, until we shall have arrived at such a stage of perfection that dishonesty and injustice will no longer be known. That period, I concede, is a long, long ways in the future, but let that be our individual and our collective ideal. The American people are blessed beyond, I think, that which most of us appreciate—blessed with opportunities to live a better and higher and more useful life; blessed with privileges to make the most we can of ourselves; blessed with opportunities to improve society, to elevate the standard of worth and moral reform throughout all the civilized world. Let us take inspiration again, I repeat, from these noble ancestors of ours, who yielded upon this field the last full measure of their devotion to the cause of civilization. Let us be prompted by their splendid service to do more every year for ourselves and society. I thank you.

Chairman Reser: The Battle of Tippecanoe was the last important engagement with the Indians east of the Mississippi River. The decade from 1830 to 1840 was a period of great activity along the line of getting a monument for this historic spot. It was a time close to the event. Most of the participants in this battle were yet living. Several resolutions were introduced into the State legislature, and some of them adopted, pledging the faith of the State to erect a monument here. The Governor was instructed by a resolution of the legislature to select a suitable design for a monument. A few men generally carry forward public enterprises. Three men were principally responsible for the activity in that decade along this line. These men were Gen. William Henry Harrison, Gen.

John Tipton, and Governor Noah Noble. Each of these men died before the project was carried out, and then the question of the erection of a monument here slept for over seventy years, until the Senator from Tippecanoe County introduced a bill in the State Senate of Indiana, carrying with it an appropriation of $12,500 for this purpose. So prudently did he manage that measure, and so eloquently did he advocate it, that the bill passed the State Senate unanimously, and passed the House practically with few against it. As I have said to the Senator, no act in his long legislative career will so redound to his credit, and so long live in the hearts of the people as the carrying out of this project. Senator Wood does not need an introduction from me. He will now address you.

ADDRESS OF SENATOR WILL R. WOOD.

It is not my purpose in the brief speech that I shall make to enter into any historical matter connected with the Battle of Tippecanoe. There are those here who are better qualified to do that thing. We have with us this day, from our neighboring State of Kentucky, a man who has made a study of the Battle of Tippecanoe from a historical point of view and who has committed his observations and his studies to written history. You will be pleased I know to hear from him.

It has been the custom of all men in all ages, barbarians as well as cilivized men, to raise monuments for the purpose of commemorating mighty events that have transpired and for the purpose of perpetuating in memory the heroic deeds of men. It is fitting, therefore, that the people of this great State and this great Nation should erect this beautiful monument to perpetuate all that it stands for.

The monument erected at Bunker Hill is not so much to perpetuate the memory of the brave men who fell there in the first fight that was made for liberty on this side of the sea, but it is for the purpose of telling the generations yet to come what has been done for them. It is for the purpose of showing that those who are reaping the benefits achieved and made possible by that battle are not ungrateful for the gifts they have received. The monument that was erected in Washington is not for the purpose of perpetuating the name of General Washington, nor the names of the heroes who fell on the fields of battle in the Revolutionary War. They need no such pile of stone as that. But it is for the purpose of showing to the future that the mighty deeds and mighty accomplishments of those men mean much for all time to come. The monument, the like of which was never erected to the memory of private soldiers, located at the capital of our own State, need not have been built solely for the purpose of perpetuating the names and the memories of the soldiers who fell upon the battle-fields of the Civil War, for their memories are inscribed upon tablets more lasting than stone, more enduring than bronze, in the hearts of a grateful people; but it was for the purpose of showing to the ages that patriotism has its reward and that it is evidenced in these monuments.

HON. WILL R. WOOD.

This monument we have erected here is not alone for the purpose of honoring the men who fell upon this sacred spot, but it is likewise for the purpose of showing that we in this day and age are not unmindful, though long has been the procrastination, of what was done here for us and for future generations. As Mr. Crumpacker has said, this was a national event. It was not for the people here that this battle was fought, for there were no white people here. It was not for the people south of us, for they were not endangered. It was not for the people to the east of us, for they were secure. But it was for the purpose of opening a gateway to the great northwest, and for the purpose of crushing out the border warfare that stood in the way of the march of progress. So effectually were these things done that this battle was the last Indian battle fought and that was found necessary to be fought in the mighty march of progress that has since been made through this gateway. As a direct result of this battle more than one-third of the present United States territory was opened to civilization.

We erect this monument and by its erection we further cement a friendship long existing between this State and our neighbor, Kentucky. And I am proud today to know that this sister State of ours, that furnished so many of the men who fell upon this field, has sent a representative here in honor of this event. I am proud, too, that we have with us on this momentous occasion a great-grandson of Gen. William Henry Harrison.

We were prompted in erecting this monument by the gratitude of our hearts. We were prompted by the duty that we owe to the past. We have builded it so that the generations yet to come, who may know but little of the history of the mighty past, when they look upon this pile will be made to inquire, what does it all mean, and then they will find answer in the history of their country.

There was a monument here ninety-seven years ago. It was these giant oaks, that stood here then and throughout all these years in ceaseless vigil. In the summer time their leaves have shaded this sacred spot. In the fall they have shed those leaves to spread a covering over these last resting places. And throughout the years that are to come, they will stand erect, with the scars of battle upon them, mighty watchers of the day, mighty sentinels of the night, to protect these graves then as throughout the past.

Generations yet to be will come here and remember and revere the memory of the heroes who made it possible for us this day to meet and acknowledge and proclaim our gratitude.

There will be but little occasion to build memorial tablets or erect monuments in commemoration of heroes or herioc deeds of battles fought in the future. The monuments then erected will be to mark the mighty progress of a country's peace, and the great spiritual, intellectual and material achievements attained. But all these will but sharpen the interest in heroic monuments like this and will reflect credit upon the hands and hearts that builded them.

I thank you.

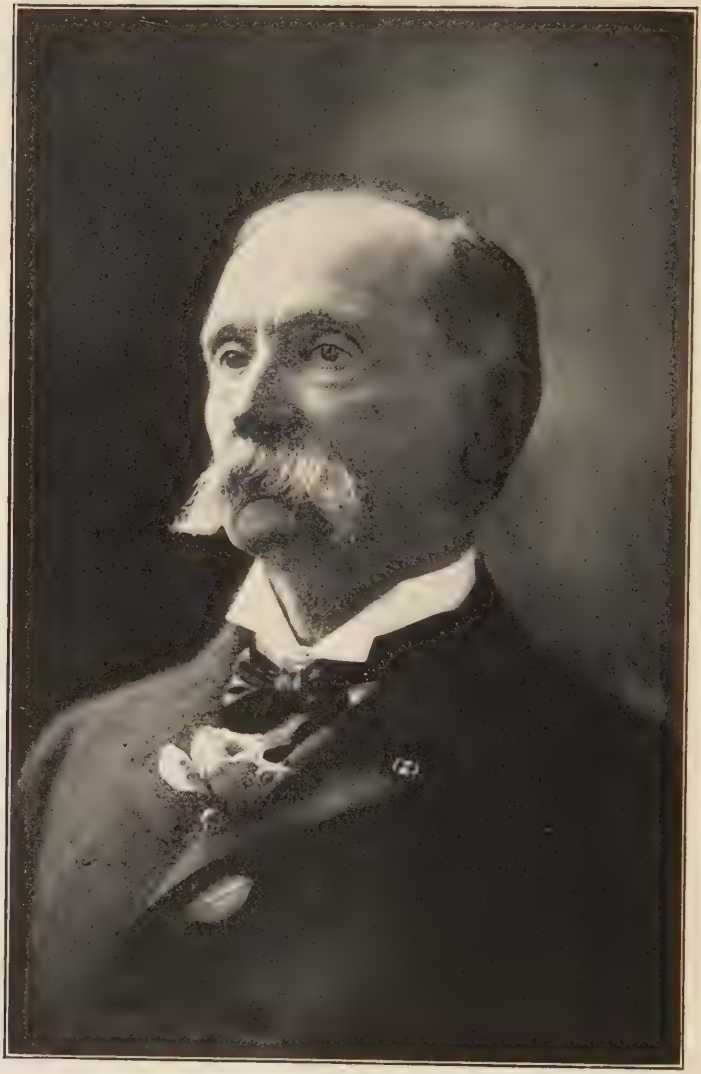
Chairman Reser: I have been closely associated with our next speaker for a number of years. Whatever interest I have taken in this project has been largely due to him. No one could be around him very much and not become imbued with his enthusiasm to have a monument erected on this battle-field. In the face of discouragements he was always serenely confident and optimistic for this cause. There was never a letter or telegram sent to Washington or to Indianapolis that he did not either write or approve. I do not need to introduce him, either, but will simply announce that Gen. R. P. DeHart will now address you.

ADDRESS OF GEN. R. P. DeHART.

On the 7th day of November, 1811, was fought the Battle of Tippecanoe upon this beautiful plateau of ground. On the evening of the 6th of November, General Harrison with his army of about 900 effective men, reached a point near the Prophet's village. At that time the Prophet sent runners out to him, saying, "Why do you come here with your army? We have none here but women and children. Go into camp and we will treat with you on the morrow."

Now, some people have been so unkind as to condemn the Prophet for his deceiving, or attempt to deceive, Harrison and his army; but today among civilized men the politician will say to you things that he does not mean. He will tell you what he proposes to do, and he will not do it on the morrow. Let us be just in these things.

The Indian believed he was fighting for his home and the graves of his fathers, and he sought to deceive Harrison, as a part of the strategy of Indian warfare. "Where is the best camp ground?" said one of the scouts, and the Indian said, "To the north and west a little over a mile." If you will look yonder a mile and a quarter, you can see the site of the Indian village where Tecumseh and his brother held their place, and that was the seat of Indian diplomacy and strategy for many years. Now, some people have said that Tecumseh was defeated at this battle. He was not in this fight. He had made a speech at the City of Vincennes, in answer to one made by General Harrison, who had maintained the treaty between the Indians and the pale-faces, and in response to that Tecumseh had said to him, "If you will acknowledge the title of the land upon the Wabash to be in my people, I will be your friend. I will be your brother. I will die for you. I will fight for you to the end; but of you don't, then look out!" Harrison maintained the treaty. Tecumseh went to the southland, following the plan of the League of the great Pontiac, and while he was gone, Harrison with his army came to this locality. They went into camp on the evening of the 6th of November, 1811. Their campfires were built all over these grounds, and there is no doubt but the Indians stood upon yonder ridge and counted each fire and knew the location of every line of the army. The Indians were close observers and we might learn many things from them.



GENERAL RICHARD P. DeHART.

The story is told of an old Indian coming along and he said to some white men, "Did you see a little old white man with a short gun, and a short piece of venison, and a stump-tailed dog, pass this way?" They said, "Yes." He replied, "He stole my venison." "Why didn't you stop him?" said the white men. The Indian said, "I wasn't there." "Then how could you tell these things so correctly?" "Why," he said, "I knew he was a small short man, because he had to stand upon a log to reach the venison, from the height it was hung from the ground; and I knew he had a short gun, because I could see where the breech stood on the ground, and how far up the tree the muzzle extended; and I knew he had a stump-tailed dog, because the dog sat watching his master cut down the venison, and his short tail made a hole in the sand." (Laughter.)

The Indian observed all these things. He knew the force Harrison had; and while we have no means of ascertaining the exact number of the Indians, yet we know they knew the number of Harrison's army, and they never would have made the assault upon that army without having an equal or a greater number. Harrison did not really anticipate an Indian fight on the morning of the 7th of November. There were but very few of the men under his command who thought there would be a battle. In fact, the Kentuckians, who had come from their mountain homes as did the heather-hidden warriors of Clan Alpine to the whistle of their chief, cursed and swore because there would be no Indian fight. They hated the Indian and believed the best Indian was a dead Indian.

But Harrison took the precaution to have his men formed and lie down in line of battle. At 4 o'clock in the morning a drizzling rain had set in. Harrison had arisen and was pulling on his boots and was talking to one of his aides, when on the north, as you see yonder beyond those houses, the sound of a musket was heard. All stood up in line of battle, and those brave men touched one another's shoulders as they had agreed beforehand, in the event of an Indian attack, and said, "Don't flinch! Don't flinch!" And they never did flinch, and never gave up until the victory was won upon this field upon that bloody morning of the 7th of November. At that point yonder (to the north and west) the first assault was made upon Harrison's line, and there the brave Owen fell; there the brave Baen fell; there Harrison had a lock cut from his hair by an Indian bullet. When the musket was fired the picket did so because he saw the grass and weeds moving. He challenged and

fired his musket. The Indians sprang in the air and they rushed and followed the picket within the lines, and two of them were killed within twenty feet of Harrison's tent.

Braver men never lived. Truer men never drew the bow than those who fought upon this field upon that morning. The line was broken at that point. Reinforcements drove them back; and then the storm seemed to burst along the entire south and front. At the south end of this line was what were called the Yellow Jackets, and in the gloom and dark, their uniform of yellow looked not unlike the color of the brave and grand men who have come here today wearing the uniform of our country. There it was the brave Spencer fought. There it was that Warrick fought; and so fierce was the conflict at that point, at the southern point of the line, that Harrison rode there in haste. A stripling of a boy stepped up, and Harrison said to him, "Where is your captain?" "He is dead, sir." "Where is your lieutenant?" "He is dead." "Where is your second-lieutenant?" "He is dead." "Where is your ensign?" "I am here." Harrison complimented him and told him to hold the line. They have said that the commander of that company was wounded in the head and he tied a handkerchief around it and fought on until he was shot through both limbs and he fell upon the line, and while the Indians rushed with tomahawk and scalping knives to break the line, the words of Spencer to his gallant band were: "Hold the line! Hold the line, my men!" And they drove back and kept back the savage horde. Oh, I tell you the Roncesvalles Pass, when before the opposing lance went down the harnessed chivalry of Spain, looked not on a braver or a better band than fought at that point. They held the line, and the daylight came. The Indian had drifted to the south end, and from the tree tops and from the banks he enfiladed the line. I talked with an old pioneer, homespun soldier who fought upon that front. He said, "The bark was flying from the trees. I could see the Indians running from point to point with tomahawk and scalping knife, and with bow and arrow, while the air whizzed with flying bullets, because the Indians had the best powder and the best arms as well as the bow and arrow. The bow and arrow was intended to shoot the pickets with, and then they intended to rush forward with scalping knife and tomahawk upon the sleeping army. They fought on until the daylight came, and at the southern point the Indian took his last stand. Harrison had been with Mad Anthony Wayne at the Battle of Falling Timbers, and he knew the Indian could stand in line or behind a tree as long as he could shoot, but that he could not stand

the cold bayonet. Wayne had said to his men at the Falling Timbers, when the foe was still in the chaparral for two miles: "Withdraw your charges from your guns. Fix your bayonets, and charge through the lines and drive them out." Harrison was there, and remembered what Mad Anthony Wayne had said. When the morning had come they had held the line against the savage foe from 4 o'clock until 7 o'clock. Thirty-seven brave men had fallen asleep upon this field. Their bones are here today. Then it was that a gray-haired captain, whose name I cannot now recall, commanded his company to form in platoons, with fixed bayonets, and charged the foe. Said this old pioneer to me, "That was the sweetest talk I ever heard in my life. We knew then that the command would come, and I hugged my tree as closely as I could, and the command was given, 'Forward,' and that gallant band moved along that front line, and the Indians would fire a volley knocking out a man here and there in front, and the command would come, 'Close up in the rear!' Above it all as we moved on I could hear the voice of the captain, 'Close up, men! Steady! Steady! Close up! Steady! Steady!' The men wanted to seek the refuge and protection of the trees. The rattling of the deer hoofs and the shrieks of the Indians were like the shrieks of starved eagles. We went on and moved on in a steady line and when we reached the front, the Indians broke from the trees and from the bank and rocks and fled across the swamp, and a shout went up from the victors upon this field."

Thirty-seven brave men fell dead here, and one hundred and fifty-one wounded, averaging about one out of every five killed or wounded. One grand soldier who was shot through the body and mortally wounded went to the surgeon and the surgeon said to him, "Your wound is mortal." He bound himself up, went back to the front and was shot through the brain, and fell upon the firing line.

Such deeds of valor should be expounded in every school in this country. Instead of devoting one hundred and fifty pages to heathen mythology, and scarcely any space to the Battle of Tippecanoe, the reverse should be true. I believe this will not be so in the future. I believe the erection of this monument will awaken an interest in the young men of this country. Let me say that patriotism is the life blood of the people, and when these boys take charge of this government with all her greatness and grandeur and glory they will be filled with gratitude and patriotism toward the men who made the government, and for each man who defended the government.

Let us cultivate this spirit of patriotism. Let us do this and then we shall be able to look upon no land more free, more noble, more grand, more glorious than this, our own country. (Applause.)

Chairman Reser: As Senator Wood has said, we have with us today a representative of the State of Kentucky. As is known to all of us the Battle of Tippecanoe was fought by regulars, by militia from the Territory of Indiana and by militia from Kentucky. Yonder is a tablet which marks the place where Joe Daviess fell. He was one of the leading citizens of Kentucky. He was United States District Attorney in that State. He was the leading officer in the Masonic fraternity in that State. A county in Kentucky, a county in Illinois and Daviess County, Indiana, were named after this man. Yonder is another tablet which marks the place where Col. Abram Owen fell. Col. Isaac White, and others from Kentucky, lost their lives in this battle. Our next speaker has written a splendid historical work concerning the Battle of Tippecanoe, and it gives me pleasure to introduce to you Capt. Alfred Pirtle, of Louisville, Kentucky, who will now address you.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. ALFRED PIRTLE.

For three years I wore the blue, and there I learned, first, to obey. Yesterday morning at my desk there was a call for a long distance talk, and as such things as that are not unusual to us business men, I hastened to call up long distance and found it was from Governor Wilson at Frankfort, Kentucky, directing me to come here today and represent him on this important occasion. I said, "Governor, I will go, but what must I do. I cannot fill your place." "Yes, you go, and tell the people of Indiana some of the history of the Battle of Tippecanoe." I prepared myself and I am here with a little condensed statement made up for this purpose, and it is as follows:

By the summer of 1811, the Territory of Indiana was ten years old. The Governor of the Territory, William Henry Harrison, lived at Vincennes. The leading Indians of the day were Tecumseh and the Prophet. Tecumseh was by far the more intelligent of the two, and his career showed that he was a born general and diplomat.

The Indians had for many years been using the point on the right bank of the Wabash River below the Tippecanoe as a camping ground, and here the Prophet made his home, where several hundred Indians were gathered and lived in comparative ease. Tecumseh had a scheme for uniting all the Indians of the North and South in a great confederation, with the power of which he hoped to stem the tide of white men seeking to drive the Indians from their lands. He used the Prophet to keep up the spirit of war among the young men in the valley of the Wabash. The 1st of August, in furtherance of his plans for uniting the Indians, he left their town and floated down the Wabash to the Ohio and thence into the Mississippi, continuing his journey until he reached the Southern Indians.

There were many incursions made by the young Indian warriors upon the thinly scattered white inhabitants of the southern portion of Indiana, which, of course, created sentiments of hatred between the whites and Indians.

In August General Harrison issued a call for a rendezvous of troops to assemble on the Wabash River with a view of an expedition to punish the Indians for these raids. About 600 Indiana

CAPTAIN ALFRED PIRTLE.

militia assembled at Fort Harrison, which stood where now is the city of Terre Haute. These were joined by a detachment of United States Dragoons, and a large portion of the 4th Regiment of the United States Infantry, Col. John P. Boyd.

In August Harrison had made a call upon Governor Scott of Kentucky for volunteers to assist the Indianians, and two companies of mounted infantry, one under Capt. Peter Funk and the other under Capt. Frederick Geiger, were raised and marched to the encampment at Fort Harrison. There were in addition to the militia of Indiana, already mentioned, 103 from Kentucky and about 400 in the United States troops. They left the camp at Fort Harrison and marched slowly up the left bank of the Wabash until they came to Big Raccoon Creek, near where now stands Montezuma, where they crossed to the right bank, and marched up that two miles, where they erected a block house to protect the reserve of their provisions that had been brought to that point by flatboats. The rest of the march the provisions were carried in wagons. They were then about fifty miles below the Prophet's town. The route to the Prophet's town across the country on the left side of the Wabash would have been shorter than the route the expedition took, but spies had given Harrison information that it was dangerous for them to proceed by that route. The army marched slowly up the right bank of the river until November 5th, they first saw signs of Indian scouts, within a short day's march of the Prophet's town. The next morning, the 6th of November, the Indians were seen in front and on both sides, but the little command of about 800, having been weakened by detachments left on the road, halted within a mile and a half of the town, where Harrison said he was going into camp. The Indians came out in numbers and through interpreters, insisted on their not going any nearer the camp, where the women and children were. Harrison listened to their request and under the guidance of Indians came to the spot now known as the Battle Field.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon they went into camp. The lines of the camp were intended by Harison for the formation of the troops in case they were attacked, and the troops bivouacked in the following order. On the north side of the camp, that part of the battle-field where we now are, nearest to the town of Battle Ground, were the companies of Kentucky under Captain Geiger and Captain Funk, and a company of Indiana militia on the right of that line. Captain Parke's company of Indiana Cavalry were right behind the Kentuckians, supported by Daviess of Kentucky. Now

facing to where the railroad is, with your left to the town, the right end of the line on that side was held by Colonel Bartholomew with Indiana militia, the left of that line with regulars under Floyd. Down toward the south end, where the line was short, Spencer's Indiana militia stretched across the little neck of woods. That brings us back to Burnett's Creek, that still flows at the foot of the battle-field slopes, and facing the creek, the left of the line was held by Indiana militia under Lieutenant-Colonel Decker, and the right of the line connecting with the Kentuckians under Geiger, was held by the United States Regulars under Captain Barton. The wagons, horses and cattle were herded in the center of this space, formed by the troops. Harrison's headquarters were half way between the two detachments of regulars. The troops built great log piles and made huge fires to keep themselves warm, because the night was very cold. Harrison gave strict orders about what was to be done in case of alarm, and all men who were not on duty laid down in their appropriate lines with arms in their hands. He was expecting to be attacked, although the enemy was very friendly during the afternoon.

About 4 o'clock Harrison arose among the sleeping men, pulling on his boots before arousing his men for parade at their different posts, when a single shot was fired near the northwestern angle of the camp on the bank of Burnett's Creek. The man who thus opened this famous little battle was a Kentuckian named Stephen Mars, a corporal on the roll of Captain Geiger's company, raised in Louisville and Jefferson County, Kentucky. After delivering his fire, he ran toward the camp, but was shot before he reached it. The horrid yells of the savages awakened the camp and were followed by a rapid fire upon the ranks of the companies of Baen and Geiger that formed that angle of the camp. Their assault was furious and several of them penetrated between the lines, but never returned.

The whole camp was alarmed at once.

The officers with all possible speed put their different companies in line of battle as they had been directed the night before. The fires were now extinguished, as they were more useful to the enemy than to the troops. The great rush which the enemy made was to have been a surprise, but it failed, and after that the battle was a trial of skill, endurance and courage. It had to be fought out when the first dash had not been successful. Some of the enemy penetrated so far into the camp that Captain Geiger, going to his tent for a gun for one of his soldiers, found the Indians ransack-

ing its contents, when a brief struggle took place, which ended in the Indians' rapid retreat. The plan of battle on their part was to attack three sides of the camp at once, but the alarm was given before those on the right flank of the whites were fully ready, though the entire line was finally assaulted. The Indians were now commanded by the Prophet. The battle lasted two hours. Tradition says the Prophet stood on a large rock on the west side of the valley beyond the creek, encouraging the Indians by songs and promises of victory. At the spot where the attack began when Governor Harrison reached there, he found that it had been somewhat broken up, and he reinforced it from the portion of the line not then engaged by the enemy. The attack shifted then to the northeast corner in the rear of which Maj. Jos. H. Daviess of Kentucky was forming his dragoons. The enemy was to the right on the slopes of the hill, which lead down to the fine level ground yonder to the east. Major Daviess sent several messages to General Harrison asking for permission to charge the enemy on foot. After the third request Harrison said: "Tell Major Daviess he has heard my opinion twice, that he shall have an honorable position before the battle is over. He may now use his discretion." The gallant Major, with only twenty picked men, instantly charged beyond the line on foot and was mortally wounded. He was a conspicuous mark in the gloom of the coming day, as he wore a white blanket coat. His party was driven back. The charge ended. Daviess made his way back to the line and "laid under the shade of a giant sycamore tree, his life ebbing slowly away, and he awaiting his last enemy, Death, with unquailing eye. His spirit passed out with the setting sun, and by the starlight his soldiers laid him in his rude grave, wrapped only in his soldier's blanket, and as the thud of the falling earth fell on their ears, they wept like children."

The enemy swept around to the rear and fell with great severity on Spencer's mounted riflemen and on Warrick at the angle. Captain Warrick was mortally wounded; Spencer and his lieutenants were killed, and yet his men and Warrick's held their ground gallantly. They were reinforced at various times and held the line unbroken until daylight.

Spier Spencer, the captain of the line mentioned above, was the most heroic in the manner of his death of all the victims of this battle. Harrison said officially: "Spencer was wounded in the head; he exhorted his men to fight valiantly. He was shot through both thighs and fell; still continuing to encourage them, he was raised up and received a ball through his body, which put

an immediate end to his existence." Could anything have displayed truer courage and manhood in a higher degree? The force of his example imbued his men so fully with his spirit that they not only stubbornly held their ground for two hours, but drove the enemy backward, defending the right flank of the field until the fight was ended.

Spencer is said to have come from Kentucky to Vincennes, and this seems very likely, as a brother who was seriously wounded in the battle died on his way home, bequeathing in his will on the way property to certain friends in Kentucky. Spencer's company being mounted, had yellow trimmings on the uniform, which gave them the campaign name of "Spencer's yellow jackets," and they favored this pugnacious insect by the way they stung the enemy.

The battle was ended about daybreak by a charge made upon the Indians in the direction of where now stands the town of Battle Ground, and the Indians disappeared.

One hundred and fifty-four privates were returned among the casualties, and 52 of them were killed or died of their wounds. The total loss was 188 men killed and wounded—no prisoners. The losses of the Indians were serious, but are variously reported. According to one report they left 38 dead on the field; 6 more dead were found in graves in their town. As was their almost invariable custom, they carried off all of their wounded. Major Wells, of Kentucky, said to a friend that after the battle he counted 49 new graves, and 54 Indians lying on the ground. An Indian woman who was captured said 197 Indians were missing.

The 7th day of November was spent in burying the dead, caring for the wounded and throwing up log breastworks to defend the camp. Rumors were circulated that Tecumseh was on the march to rescue his brother at the head of a thousand warriors.

"Night," says Captain Funk, "found every man mounting guard without food, fire or light and in a drizzling rain. The Indian dogs during the dark hours produced frequent alarms by prowling in search of carrion about the sentinels."

They were evidently a good deal worked up and entirely on the defensive. By Harrison's own account he had with him on entering the battle only about 800 men. Of these about one-fourth had been the victims of death or wounds. He had very little flour and no meat, for the few beeves brought along by the column were either driven off by the Indians or stampeded by the noises of the battle, and Vincennes was over 150 miles away.

The mounted men had lost several of their horses in the stampede. Many of the cattle and most of the horses were recovered on the 8th and 9th. The adventures in this battle furnished fireside talks for many years in Indiana and Kentucky.

On the 8th the dragoons and other mounted men took possession of the town. After getting all the copper kettles forsaken by their owners and as much beans and corn as they could transport, the army applied the torch, destroying all the huts and a considerable supply of corn, which the Indians had stored for the winter. Preparations were at once made for a rapid return march. The wounded were placed in the wagons, and with a train of 22 wagons, each having a load of the wounded, left camp and by night of the 9th passed the dangerous ground where a small force of Indians might have inflicted serious injury. Six days of uneventful marching brought them to Fort Harrison, from which point the wounded floated to Vincennes in boats. Captain Snelling and his company, from the Fourth United States Infantry, were left as a garrison there. The remainder of the command arrived at Vincennes on the 18th. By the end of the month the militia were mostly mustered out and sent to their homes. The people of Indiana spent a quiet winter. The hope of the confederacy among the Indians being entirely broken up, Tecumseh spent some months in the South, but returned during the winter and went over to the British to become the most prominent Indian character in the war of 1812. We must remember that the following counties in Indiana perpetuate the names of participants in this battle: Harrison, Spencer, Tipton, Bartholomew, Daviess, Floyd, Parke, Randolph, Warrick, Dubois and White.

The result to Kentucky of this battle was the protection to the homes of the whole of the State, and during the war of 1812 Indiana territory proved to be a shield against the Indians for the people of Kentucky. Kentucky furnished the settlers of many of the southern counties of Indiana, making the bonds of kinship strong between the two States.

General Harrison lies upon the top of a commanding hill at what is called North Bend, in the State of Ohio, viewing the landscape of Kentucky and the magnificent sweep of the Ohio River.

Captain Geiger, of Kentucky, sleeps in a modestly marked grave in Louisville, but most of the victims of the Battle of Tippecanoe sleep within the bounds of this enclosure. The night of the 8th of November, 1811, Harrison had great piles of logs placed

above the graves of his dead and they were fired during the night and the next morning, but the Indians returned to the camp immediately after the departure of the column on the 9th, scattered the fires and opened the graves for the purpose of plunder.

The next year General Hopkins visited the scene and replaced the scattered remains. In 1830 General Harrison, with other distinguished persons, attended a great gathering of the survivors on the field. The bones of the dead on November 7, 1836, were placed in one grave in a tract deeded to the State on the above date, but who can tell where lie the remains of the gallant Joe Daviess.

Chairman Reser: I once heard Henry Ward Beecher say: "Families often travel in circles—the father traveling up one side, and his descendants down on the other." The Harrison family is an anomalous one in this respect. The family furnished two Presidents within the short space of fifty years. We are honored today in having with us the great-grandson of Gen. William Henry Harrison, and it gives me pleasure to introduce to this vast audience Col. Russell B. Harrison, who will now address you.

ADDRESS OF COL. RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

Chairman Reser and Fellow-Citizens of Indiana—I am surprised at the introduction just given me. Chairman Reser has given no intimation that he would call upon me to address you on this memorable occasion. The printed program of the unveiling ceremonies gives evidence of this surprise, as my name does not appear thereon. I assume the chairman desires, in introducing me, to call your attention to the fact that there is present with you on this occasion a great-grandson of Gen. William Henry Harrison, and I shall accede to his desire and address you.

I am embarrassed in addressing you during these unveiling ceremonies for the reason that this stately monument, erected on the only great battle-field in the State of Indiana, has been erected for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of Gen. William Henry Harrison—my ancestor—and the brave officers and soldiers who followed him here to protect the lives and homes of their loved ones, and the people who in 1811 constituted the citizens of the State of Indiana and our sister State of Kentucky. Being thus embarrassed I shall not make reference in my brief address to the character, experience and training, or services—civil and military—of Gen. William Henry Harrison, for it is better taste that all that is said here today should be expressed by others, not so closely and directly related to him by the ties of blood.

There is one feature of the situation incident to these unveiling ceremonies, however, upon which I can express myself without any embarrassment whatever, and I am pleased to have the opportunity to do so. It is to pay a grateful tribute, as a citizen and soldier, to the brave soldiers composing the United States army, and the citizen soldiers of the States of Indiana and Kentucky, who fought under my great-grandfather, Gen. William Henry Harrison, who by their hardships, sacrifices, suffering, and in many instances death, during the Tippecanoe Indian campaign and battle, contributed to the redemption of Indiana and our sister States, to the west and north of us, from the control of the savage Indians, thus making possible the great commonwealths of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and finally the acquisition of all the territory west of the Mississippi—now a part of the United States.

COLONEL RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

As citizens of today you know nothing of the Indian problems and the privations, suffering and hardships endured by the pioneers of Indiana. You have enjoyed in this State peace and prosperity all of your lives. Your forefathers, who faced these dangers, and who bore so bravely the pioneer privations and hardships, have gone to their reward. Having spent fourteen years in the Territory of Montana immediately following the Custer massacre, face to face with acute Indian problems and the hardships of frontier life, I can appreciate better than most of you, what our forefathers endured and triumphed over in the early days of Indiana. Therefore, my heart throbs in gratitude to every man whose name is inscribed on this beautiful granite shaft, and all who survived this historic Indian battle.

As a soldier of the Spanish-American War of 1898, which made the United States the greatest world power, I can appreciate better than many who face me, the love and devotion of these soldiers to "Old Glory" and to their country, and their willingness to die, if necessary, in the worthy cause which in 1811 needed their services. It took greater courage than we can appreciate for the heroes of this battle to enlist in the military expedition up the Wabash, which had a triumphant termination on this spot, for they knew not only that they might never see their dear ones again, but if killed no honorable, permanent burial awaited them, but instead their dead bodies would be mutilated by the savage Indians and given to their dogs. They also knew if they were wounded there probably would be no surgical attendance at hand, and what was worse than death, if it was their lot to fall into the Indians' hands alive, they would be cruelly tortured and mutilated.

For this army there were no roads, no wagon trains, nor convenient base of supplies; neither were there any well-appointed military hospitals for the care of the sick and wounded, nor friendly neighbors to encourage them as they proceeded. Notwithstanding these unusual dangers and hardships, our forefathers started upon their expedition willingly and bravely. Many never returned. Those whose names are inscribed on this monument bravely met and triumphed over death on this battle-field. They and their surviving comrades have since been the objects of the heartfelt gratitude of millions of people.

History records the precautions taken by General Harrison that the soldiers who fell and were buried on this field might remain buried here together undisturbed for all time. These plans were frustrated by the Indians who, after the expedition had started on

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GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON.
[1864]

its return, dug up the bodies and after rifling, gave them to the Indian dogs. It is therefore most fitting, as the bones of the soldiers do not rest together on this battle-field, as brave soldiers should, that the Nation and State of Indiana should erect this ornate granite shaft, rising above the trees, which now, as then, stand on this hallowed spot, as a tribute of gratitude to the valor and sacrifices of all soldiers who took part in the famous Indian Battle of Tippecanoe, fought on these grounds November 7, 1811. Every honor we can pay the memory of the heroes of this battle-field is merited and earned.

This monument and the cause for which it so eloquently speaks will silently, but none the less forcibly, express to the coming generations in a measure, our gratitude to the brave men who fought here and sacrificed so much in our behalf. It will inspire our children and their children to a greater love of our country, whose liberty and freedom they enjoy, and urge them to maintain the highest type of good citizenship and obedience to the law, and yet while peace-loving, to be ever ready to protect the Nation, and the States it represents, from insult, invasion and acquisition. In return for all they may do for our country they will find a grateful peeople ready to honor and do them homage.

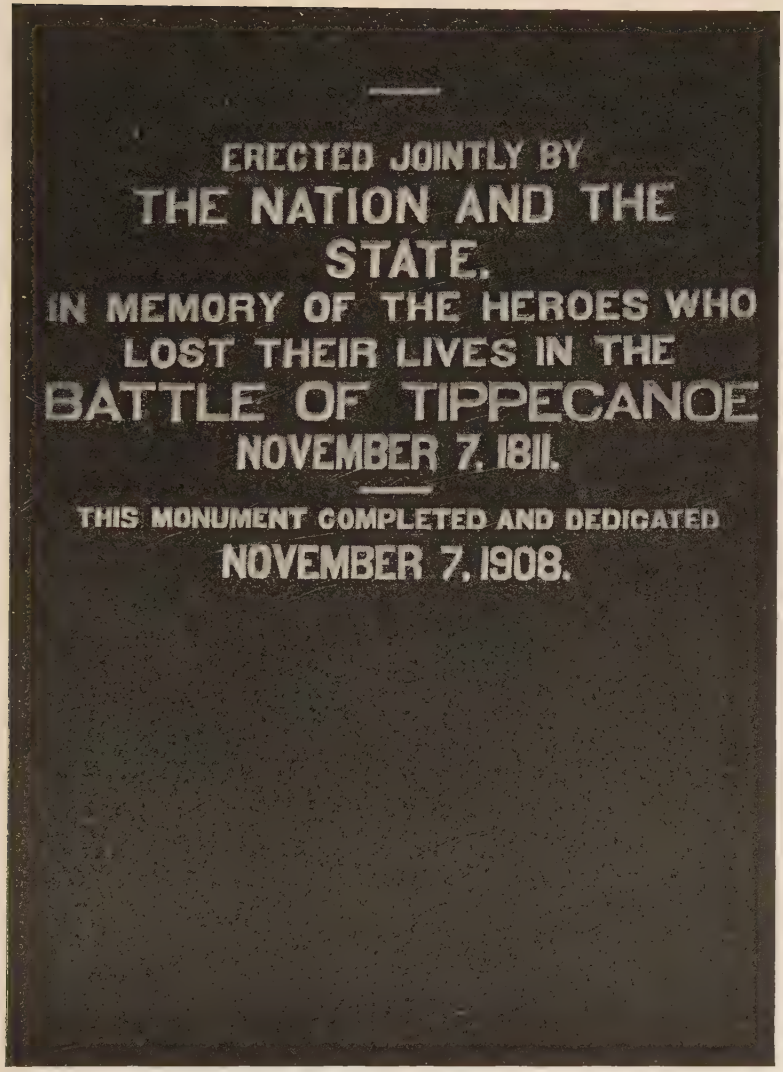
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, JR.

It is regrettable that on this occasion the regiment of regulars which fought under Gen. William Henry Harrison, which was organized in Revolutionary days and which has been a brave and powerful unit in protecting our country in all the wars that have since followed, and on the frontier, affording the settlers protection from the Indians, should at this time be stationed so far away as to make it impossible for the regiment to be present and have a share in the honors paid to it. It is pleasing, however, that another regiment, the 10th U. S. of our army, represents them. It is also regretable that the State of Kentucky did not send some of its citizen soldiers here, as did the State of Indiana, to take part in the ceremonies. For the first time in ninety-seven years have armed men of the United States army and the citizen soldiers of Indiana, been encamped upon these grounds and have paraded side by side, as they did on that memorable 7th day of November, 1811.

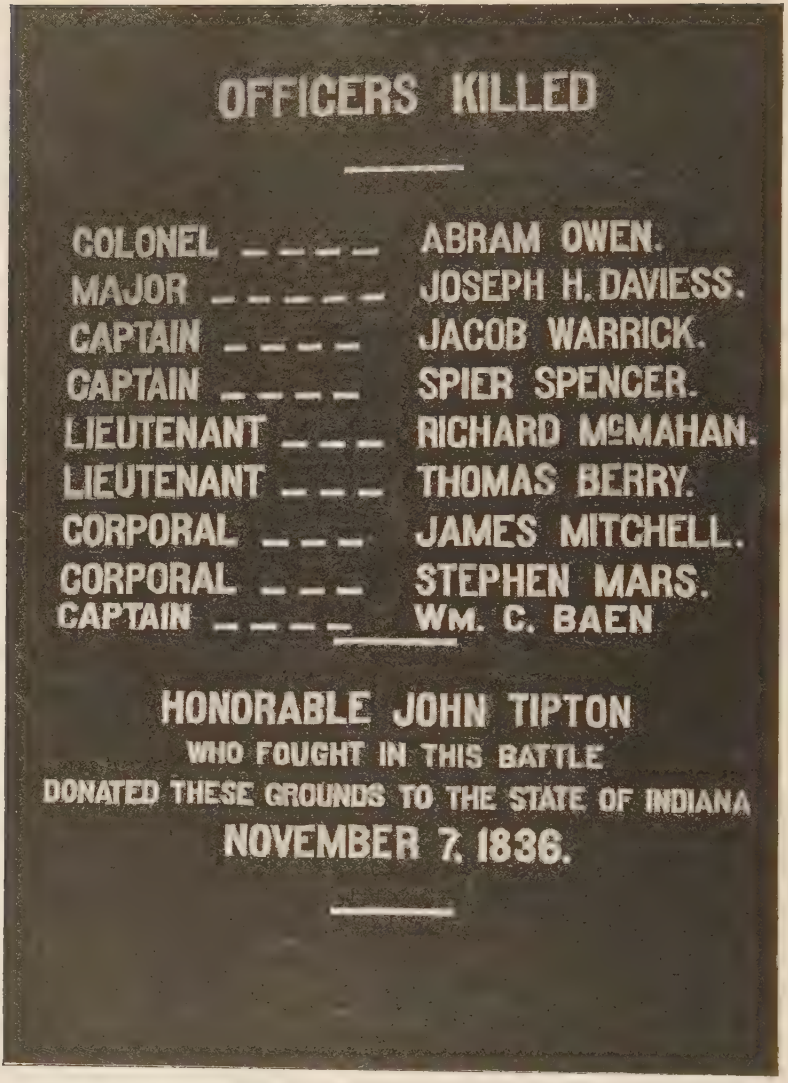
As I am a volunteer speaker on your program and you are somewhat wearied by long standing, I shall bring my remarks to a close. It is most pleasing to be present upon this occasion, for as a direct descendant of Gen. William Henry Harrison, I view with natural pride the tribute paid to him as a citizen, civil official and soldier, and the tribute to the patriotism, deeds of valor and sacrifices of those who served under him, which made possible the successful termination of their campaign, and in so short a time the development of this great agricultural and manufacturing State. For myself and all the descendants of William Henry Harrison, I express the deepest gratitude for this beautiful and permanent recognition of military services; also the many expressions of appreciation, of his character and services to his country. His love of country and willingness to die for it, if necessary, was transmitted to a grandson, Benjamin Harrison, who was also a soldier, serving in the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, was the means of teaching me through my father to respond to the needs of our country when it called for volunteers to protect it and stand for what was right and just in 1898.

I thank you Chairman Reser for the courtesy of calling upon me to speak upon this occasion, and trust, fellow citizens, you appreciate the embarrassment of my situation.

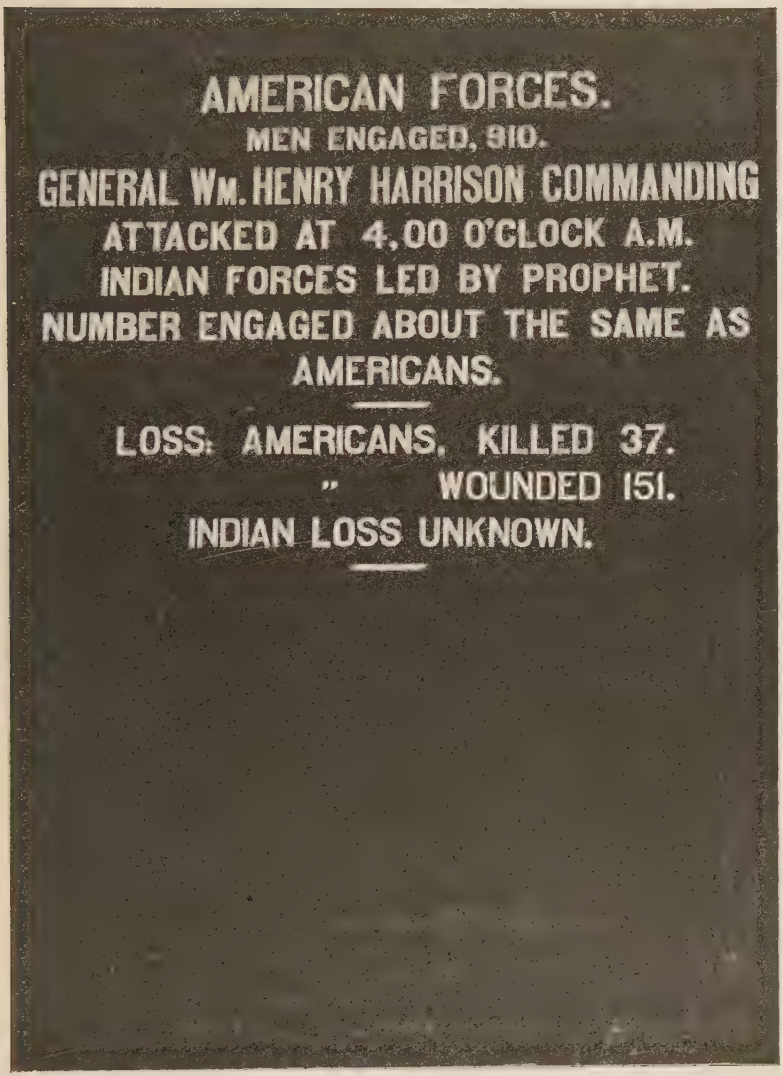
TIPPECANOE MONUMENT.


ERECTED JOINTLY BY
THE NATION AND THE
STATE.
IN MEMORY OF THE HEROES WHO
LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE
BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE
NOVEMBER 7, 1811.
THIS MONUMENT COMPLETED AND DEDICATED
NOVEMBER 7, 1908.

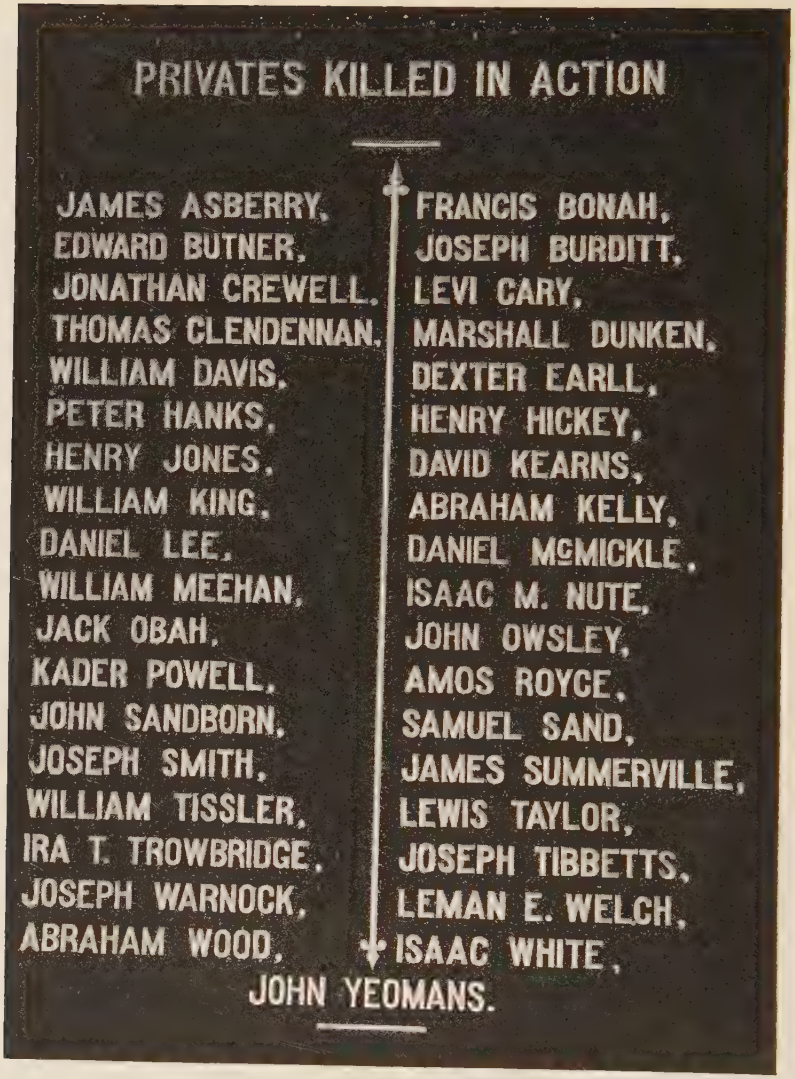
EAST TABLET.


OFFICERS KILLED
COLONEL _ _ _ _ ABRAM OWEN.
MAJOR _ _ _ _ _ JOSEPH H. DAVIESS.
CAPTAIN _ _ _ _ JACOB WARRICK.
CAPTAIN _ _ _ _ SPIER SPENCER.
LIEUTENANT _ _ _ RICHARD McMAHAN.
LIEUTENANT _ _ _ THOMAS BERRY.
CORPORAL _ _ _ JAMES MITCHELL.
CORPORAL _ _ _ STEPHEN MARS.
CAPTAIN _ _ _ _ WM. C. BAEN
HONORABLE JOHN TIPTON
WHO FOUGHT IN THIS BATTLE
DONATED THESE GROUNDS TO THE STATE OF INDIANA
NOVEMBER 7, 1836.

WEST TABLET.



NORTH TABLET.



SOUTH TABLET.

The Commission decided to place upon the monument the names of all those who died before the army started on its return march, which gives a total of forty-six names instead of the thirty-seven who were killed outright.

Afternoon Exercises.

TIPPECANOE BATTLE-FIELD, November 7, 1908.
1 o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by Chairman Hon. Job S. Sims, and the following prayer was delivered by the Rev. A. L. Miller, of Battle Ground:

O God of Infinite love, we thank Thee for Thy revelation to man, and for Thy manifold blessings, and for the uplift to nations that a faith in Thee has brought.

We rejoice in the material prosperity of our great nation, in the well-earned achievements of her history, in the enlargement of her intellectual vision, and in the embodiment of the Spirit of the Man of Galilee in bringing about the peaceful relations among the nations of the world.

We art taught in Thy Word that Thou art pleased with heroic struggles for the right, and that future generations may profit, Thou hast ordained that memorials may be kept that these imbibing the spirit of the struggles, may be able to fight life's battles in their own time, and to write their page in history well.

As we are assembled on this historic ground today that has been made memorable by the decisive battle fought thereon nearly a century ago, and which has been sanctified by the blood of brave men in a heroic struggle for civilization and right, we pray that we may be impressed with the sanctity of this occasion, and that we may play our part in the great drama of life with as much love for the right, and as courageously, as did those whose names and deeds we honor today; and we pray that the exercises of this day may be to us an inspiration for holy living, and that this monument, so silent, yet so majestic, dedicated today to the memory of a just cause, may be a constant reminder that noble deeds still live in the minds and hearts of the American people.

We pray, O Lord, for the righteous maintenance of our people, for our President and his advisers; for the Governors of our States, and for all in official position. We pray for the man of wealth and for the man in poverty; for the man of intellectual renown, and

for the man who is less fortunate; for the man who is living a holy life, and for the man who is desecrating life, that somehow in the onward march of civilization and truth, as God presides over the destiny of nations, there may be realized in every community and every household the monument of righteousness, that speaks in tones of Infinite love, and represents the greatest sacrifice the world has ever known. And then when the last page in life's book has been written, and when nations will be no more, we shall gather about Thy throne as heroes of a just cause, and bring forth the royal diadem and crown Jesus King of kings and Lord of lords. We ask it all in His name. Amen.

MISS JUNE WALLIS.

PRESENTATION OF MONUMENT TO STATE AND NATION.

The Hon. Job S. Sims:

To the Honorable Secretary of War and to the Governor of the State of Indiana—On Sunday, May 1, 1892, the grand army posts of the City of Lafayette met with the post at Battle Ground, and it was decided to form a monument association. Each year after that meetings were held at which the children decorated the graves of the dead, the choirs of Battle Ground sang patriotic music, and stirring addresses were made by eminent men. The result was the creation of a mighty sentiment in favor of the erection of a monument, which culminated in the passage of bills through the legislature of Indiana and Congress, appropriating a total of $25,000. Your commissions, acting jointly as one commission, met and organized January 6, 1908. They selected the site for the monument; they selected the design submitted by McDonnell & Sons; they selected the material; they awarded the contract to McDonnell & Sons, February 12, 1908, for $24,500; at the request of the commission, inscriptions were written by Alva O. Reser, most of which were adopted.

Our work is before you. If it meet with your approval we ask that you accept this monument in the name of the Nation and the State, and we know that you, Governor Hanly, will freely pledge the faith of the State to care for it, along with these grounds, in accordance with the spirit of the State Constitution and the mandate of the national act. Tippecanoe County appropriated $750, and tablets have been erected to seven of the officers who lost their lives in this battle.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR J. FRANK HANLY.

Governor J. Frank Hanly accepted the monument on behalf of the State as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument Commission—Out of the patriotic impulse of a grateful people—the endeavor and zeal of the members of the Tippecanoe Battle-field Memorial Association—the efforts of the Senator from Tippecanoe and of one of the State's distinguished members of Congress—the action of State Assembly and National Congress—the intelligence, courage and faithfulness with which you have discharged your duties in the selection of design and material—the genius of the architect who planned and of the artist who fashioned its accompanying statue—and the skill and patience of the mechanics who constructed it, there arises this day this splendid shaft, beautiful in design, magnificent in proportions and enduring in character.

As we stand in its silent, solemn presence we admit without dissent that you have planned wisely and have builded well. The quarries of Wisconsin and the granite hills of Vermont lay piled before us in lasting tribute upon soil we love—soil hallowed by heroic deeds and sanctified by sacrificial blood.

And now in the name and in behalf of the people of Indiana Territory, and in the name and in behalf of the people of this now proud and mighty State, of all who were, of all who are, and of all who shall be, I accept it from your hands with pride and gratitude, and do now dedicate it forever to the memory of those who here, ninety-seven years ago, beneath these trees, amid November's gray and lagging dawn, battled for and won an empire, richer now by far than any land the world then knew.

Here these trees—these sturdy, stately trees—oaks, surviving monarchs of a forest gigantic, now long since extinct—have watched with unfailing vigilance through the changing seasons of a hundred years, less only three, the unbroken slumber of our dead. Amid the storms and snows of winter they have stood, unwearied sentinels, waiting with perfect faith the coming of the hour when returning spring should clothe anew their naked boughs with foliage, and bring again the throb of life to every sleeping twig and tissue. Through the heat of summer, lifting high and ever

higher their plumed and emerald-jeweled arms toward the blue beauty of the arched and vaulted sky, they have spread their shadows like a sun-flecked mantle above these mounds our loving hands have fashioned.

Amid the sad and transient glories of the autumn, dropping their leaves like mortal tributes laid upon the bier of one beloved, they have wrapped these graves about with robes of scarlet, of russet and of gold; and have sighed farewells and requiems amid moaning winds and chill November rains. From this vale-encircled, river-belted hill, thrown up by Nature's giant hands, they have looked upon the miracles of morning and of night—the birth and death of day—five times ten thousand times, and have caught with unvoiced joy the gleam and lost with silent grief the glint of rising and of setting suns.

And now this monument—joint tribute of Republic and of Commonwealth—raises its form and summit far above these regal children of the primal past that the vigil of a century may not be broken when they, falling, shall cease to watch above our dead.

They have all but lived their day. Vigils for them soon will be no more, but this imposing shaft which you have builded will survive their fall and speak in silent eloquence through all the gathering, multiplying years of the valor and the courage of those who struggled here—who fought and fell.

It will become a shrine for Freedom's devotees. About it men will gather to recount the deeds it commemorates and in its presence renew with high resolve their vows of constancy to home and friend and country. The children of a later generation than we will know will play about the exedra where we now stand and pause to spell the names engraved upon these entablatures—names held in trust for them with granite grip—and spelling them grow still with awe.

Thenceforth the graves assembled yonder will hold for them a deeper meaning, and the spots where Daviess fell, where Spencer died, and where Owen yielded up his life will each grow rich with consecrated memories.

It is peculiarly fitting that the State and the Nation should unite in erecting this monument. The battle fought here affected the destiny of both. Here Indiana's and Kentucky's sons, citizen-soldiers, frontiersmen, fresh from cabin homes builded in primeval forests—stood with the trained and disciplined infantry of the general government—stood and held this trembling hill against a horde of crafty, cruel, savage foes, and bore themselves as stal-

wart, fearless men—stood amid the mystery and the darkness until the light of day crept in among the trees—stood and fought and would not yield. The field was held and the victory won, not by the regulars alone, but by the volunteers as well, by men in uniform and by men in woodsman's garb—by those whose trade was war and by those who fought only to protect their cabin homes and those they loved from the peril of torch and knife.

The present State of Indiana contains 35,885 square miles of territory, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Ohio River. Through the battle waged here this was opened to settlement and a pathway made to statehood. What changes the intervening years have wrought! Then there were less than 25,000 people living in the area named; now there are 2,775,708. Then the accumulated wealth was nil; now more than $1,700,000,000. Then, as a people, we were without schools, without culture, without literature; now our schools are among the best in all the world, our people are cultured, and the fame of our literature nation-wide. Then we had no history; now our history is inspiring and is linked forever with that of a mighty Nation.

By this battle the power of Tecumseh and the savage tribes he led was broken forever, the people of Ohio and Kentucky were made secure in the possession of their homes and an empire aggregating more than 200,000 square miles of territory was freed from the peril of Indian massacre. From this domain four states have been carved—Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. These, with Ohio, are today sufficient in territory, in natural resources, in accumulated wealth, in population, in culture and in power to constitute a nation within themselves. Then there were in all the Republic but 7,250,000 people; now these five States alone have a population of more than 17,000,000, and their wealth is many times greater than the aggregate wealth of all the country then. They would constitute in population, in natural resources, in accumulated wealth, in the culture, intelligence, individuality and initiative of their people a far greater nation than that sought to be erected from the slave States in 1860. Their population is one-half greater, and the excess of their wealth almost beyond comparison. And yet those States were great enough in all the elements of nationalty to carry on for four years such a war as the world has rarely seen.

Here the foundation of a great man's fame was laid and the name of Tippecanoe linked forever with that of Harrison. Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs and the Thames were but steps in the evolu-

tion of a life replete with signal service, ennobled by great endeavor and crowned in its closing days with the highest preferment a partial people could bestow.

Commissioned by Washington a lieutenant in the army at 18, he rose to high rank and great command. Given the command of the Northwestern army in 1812, he was instructed to act in all cases according to his own discretion and judgment, a latitude rarely given to the commander of an American army.

He held many civil offices, secretary of the Northwest Territory, delegate in Congress, State Senator, Governor of Indiana Territory, presidential elector, representative in Congress, United States Senator, Minister to Columbia, and President of the United States.

He never faltered in the discharge of any duty nor shrank from the responsibilities of any position. He commanded armies with ability, discretion and skill and served in civil office with conspicuous fidelity.

He often received honorable mention in the reports of his superiors, was complimented on the field of battle for gallantry in action, received the thanks of general assemblies and of Congress, and died beloved by all the people.

He loved the government he served and in his inaugural address made high plea for the Union: "It is union that we want—not a party for the sake of that party, but a union of the whole country for the sake of the whole country."

Scion of a sturdy, intellectual and martial ancestry, he added to its achievements and its fame and became the ancestor of a descendant greater yet than himself or any that had preceded him.

The lives of grandsire and of grandson exemplify and accentuate the truth of the grandson's words, "A great life does not go out, it goes on."

The life of William Henry Harrison did not go out, it went on; it still goes on and will go on. Other generations shall rise to be blessed by its influence and called to noble endeavor by its deeds. It flowered again and ripened anew in the life of the great grandson whose fame we but recently commemorated in the capital city of the State in a statue of bronze, with music, oratory and song.

Neither shaft of granite nor statue of bronze is needed to perpetuate the memories of these men, but we do well to build these memorials and to dedicate them to their memories. In the act of conception, building and dedication we bespeak our gratitude and voice our hearts' desire to be like them in purity of purpose, in loftiness of courage and in the exalted character of service rendered.

It is meet that this shaft should rise to mark the spot where those who struggled here contended, and that the granite form and martial visage of him who commanded here should rise above the dead who in life he here led to battle and to glory.

To private soldier, regular and volunteer, in uniform and in frontier garb, to officer and command, to those who fell, and to those who fought and lived, we dedicate this stately obelisk.

They were representatives of a conquering race, founders of States, builders of empire, prophets of a new earth, torch-bearers of a new civilization, evangels of a precious gospel.

General Carmen, in the name and in behalf of the sovereign Commonwealth of Indiana, I present to you, as the representative of the Government of the United States of America, this evidence of a grateful people's love and veneration for those who died in the founding of that Commonwealth, in the building of that Nation.

GENERAL E. A. CARMEN.

ADDRESS OF GEN. E. A. CARMEN.

General Carmen, in accepting the monument on behalf of the Secretary of War, said:

Governor Hanly, Members of the Commission and Fellow-Citizens—It gives me great pleasure to be with you this beautiful day, to participate in your tender of tribute to the memory of William Henry Harrison, a man of military renown and high civic virtue, and the gallant men who, under his command here on this historic field nearly a century ago, won a victory that advanced the frontier line of civilization into the great northwest and established one of the great landmarks of the nation's history. Not until late on Thursday last did I know that it was expected I would be with you today, and I have had neither time nor opportunity to prepare an address fitting the occasion. This perhaps is not to be regretted, for those who have addressed you have given more satisfactorily than I can the salient points in the life, character and deeds of the man and his associates we this day honor. It remains for me in behalf of the Secretary of War and the Congress of the United States the very pleasant duty of thanking and congratulating you, Governor Hanly, and the members of the monument commission, and all who have been associated with you, upon the zeal, energy and good taste and economy you have shown in the work, and in behalf of the United States we accept the beautiful tribute you have erected to the memory of the father of the great northwest and the brave men who served under him.

COLONEL JOHN W. WARNER.

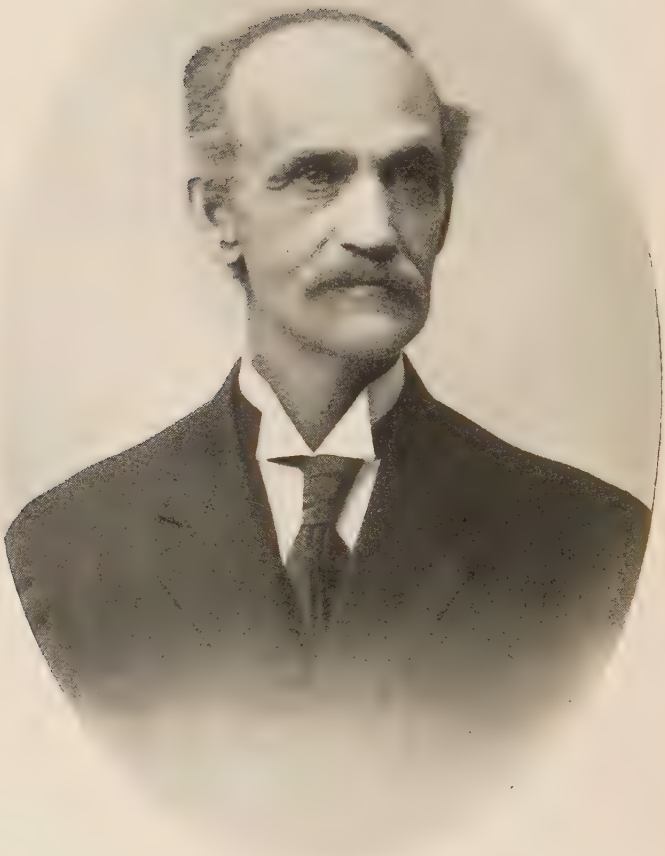
Col. John W. Warner, of Lafayette, on the day of the dedication of the Tippecanoe monument, had charge of all the military. After the exercises at the monument, under the direction of Colonel Warner, two battalions of the Tenth Regiment, U. S. Infantry, from Fort Benjamin Harrison, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil, gave a beautiful dress parade.

Addresses in Behalf of

MONUMENT PROJECT

Delivered on Battlefield

at Various Times



HON. M. E. CLODFELTER.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. M. E. CLODFELTER.

(At Battle Ground, Sunday, June 26, 1892.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—I congratulate you upon the interest manifested by you in the purposes, aims and objects of this meeting. You have a great county and a beautiful and wealthy city. All your surroundings denote a vigorous and prosperous people. I see in front of me a large number of old soldiers—the remnants of the war of 1861.

They have experienced the horrors of war in all their reality, though years have passed since the close of that gigantic struggle; yet the memory of the suffering, hardships, devastation and death it occasioned are indelibly stamped upon your minds. Knowing these things as you do, you prefer peace to war, but at all times a peace consistent with the honor and integrity of your country.

There are soldiers in times of peace as well as in times of war. It is our patriotic duty as soldiers of peace to do all in our power, consistent with the preservation of our form of government, to avoid war and its baneful consequences; but if the integrity of our country is threatened, or the lives or liberty of our people threatened or invaded, the spirit of patriotism must be kept alive and burning to meet the occasion. Those who respond to their country's call in times of emergency, must not be forgotten by their country or their countrymen.

Monuments erected in honor of the heroic dead, serve as an inspiration to the living. The mantle of government will soon rest upon the young men of the future, and they should be prepared to assume that responsibility in keeping with the patriotism and loyalty of the past.

This is a historic spot. The battle fought and the victory won by General Harrison and his men was the beginning of the end of Indian warfare in the great Northwest Territory. A monument erected upon this sacred spot will not only do honor to the brave men who won the victory, but will serve to impress upon the minds of the coming generations the historic importance of the place and the events which it commemorates. I again congratulate you for your enterprise in this worthy undertaking, and trust that you may be successful.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

ADDRESS BY GEN. LEW WALLACE.

(Delivered at Tippecanoe Battle-ground, Sunday, June 20, 1899.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—I take it for granted that every one in this assemblage native to the State of Indiana loves it. So the adopted citizen, if he does not love, at least respects it. It is something with which you are all familiar. Your habit is to traverse it almost daily; for there was never a people who did so much going up and down the earth. Withal, however, I am tempted to ask you a question which I will get well off with if at first it be met with only a smile. What is Indiana?

When, recovered from surprise, you are moved to treat the query with soberness, you will each answer according to your bent. The curt man will say it is a State; the politer person, if he be scientific, will recur to its geology or triangulation; the poet will quote Longfellow; the geographer will hurry up his parallels; the politician will speak after his lights; yet, I respectfully submit, none of them will have answered to the advantage of the subject.

The age is utilitarian and materialistic, and by that idea we are governed whether we will or not. So, if you insist upon a definition of Indiana from me, I will meet you as a statistician who insists that nothing conveys comprehension like figures. Observe, if you please, how much I will be able by that resort to crowd into an interval scarce more than the space of a breath—how much of history, area, prosperity, production; then observe that I have further accomplished what is my special aim, an answer which will set before you the *power* of Indiana, one of a community of States marching, in bonds of happiest union, toward Christian control of the earth.

Settled at Vincennes	1702
Admitted as a state	1816
Population in 1890	2,192,404
Real property	$567,000,000
Personal property	$227,000,000
Area in square miles	36,350
Miles of railroad	6,046
Manufactures (yearly)	$148,000,000
Farm land in acres	21,000,000
Farm land values	$635,000,000
Public schools	10,000
Newspapers	600

Assuredly, my friends, we have reason to be proud of the State, especially when it is considered that the results tabulated make a sum of achievements occupying barely eighty years. Then as to the future, calculate boldly, remembering that the ratio of increase accelerates of itself, exactly like the ratio of increase of money at compound interest.

I fear now lest some of you might regard this line of speech, if persisted in, a dry entertainment. Wherefore, turning to matter more interesting, let us see how the *power* I have figured before you under the name Indiana came about; when I have finished every one of you will have a higher respect for what was done here by our fathers.

Ladies and gentlemen, we do not all know enough of the history of our State. In our public schools and colleges we are crammed with Greece and Rome and Europe, their wars and literature, but of Indiana, nothing clear and determinate—I came near saying, of Indiana, nothing—nothing at all.

Suppose the prize boy or girl asked, who settled Indiana? The probabilities are you would have in reply, Indiana was settled by the English, or by the American colonists from New England or Virginia. That would be very agreeable to our Anglo-Saxonism, but it would not be the truth.

How it is with you, I do not know; but with me the origin of a power, commercial, political or social, and its growth and development, are of transcending interest. This I would have you understand as a remark of general application; then naturally how much greater must my interest be in the origin and growth of a power constituting a factor of immense and abiding importance to our country. Such is Indiana.

I assert confidently, if to study the past of our State one requires the incentive of romance, he can not go amiss for it; for, singularly enough, all of romantic incident pertaining to the early settlement of Canada west of Montreal, and all of like incident properly of the Mississippi Valley from Illinois and Missouri to Louisiana inclusive is inseparable from Indiana. This I know is very broad and sweeping; but I also know that now I have your attention, and will proceed to make my assertion good.

Great Britain and France, you remember, were competitors for dominion in North America. Contrary to the general idea, the French for a long time led in the rivalry, a circumstance due to their better management of the Indians. They had also the advantage of earlier colonization in the part of America north of the

Potomac. Years prior to the coming of the Puritan Fathers, missionaries from France had established the Roman Catholic Church in the eastern half of Maine, and the beggars of St. Francis—beggars by vow—had penetrated the woods of the Mohawk. One of them, LeCarson, on foot or in a birch bark boat, reached the rivers of Lake Huron in the North.

In 1627, Louis XII created New France, giving it, by charter, to Cardinal Richilieu, Champlain, and others. This was a gorgeous dream of royalty. Besides the basin of the St. Lawrence, the country south of Virginia was included in its limits. Thus the most Christian king provided for the extension of commerce. The care of souls he entrusted to the Society of Jesus.

Prejudice aside, my friends, a student of the operations of the Jesuits at this period in America will be driven to admit that there is more romance connected with them than is to be found in the whole history of colonization elsewhere. As a theme for an epic poem they will compare with the emigration of Aeneas and his expatriated Trojans to Italy.

Laffemand, Raymbault, Jacques, Rene Soupil, Bressani, Chauminot, Dablon, Rene Misnard, and others like them, servants of France as well as God, most of them at the cost of their lives, carried the dominion of Louis into every quarter—into Maine, and the vine-clad vales of western New York, down to the parks of Albany, out westwardly to the Falls of St. Mary, and to the green shores of Lake Superior; whence, just beyond, lay the mysterious and shifting distances of the Mississippi—all this, mark you, years before Eliot, the New England divine, had addressed the tribe of natives dwelling within six miles of Boston harbor.

When you get home, ladies and gentlemen, take down the third volume of your Bancroft, and, if romance is what you want, read the stories of those Jesuit fathers and the part they took in the settlement of our America. They were such heroes as there is no demand for today. They reached the utmost limit of religious devotion. In death, as in life, their imitation of Jesus Christ has never been surpassed. They established missions, founded villages and towns, and built convents, hospitals and colleges, and sought and found the crown of martyrdom. And as you read you will see how easy it is to believe there were Sir Galahads among them, and that the Holy Grail was a vision of the wilderness, and came to them often, a comforter at the stake and always a consolation.

In 1665, Father Claude Allonez undertook a mission to the far

West. He passed the rapids by which the upper lakes empty their tribute into the Huron; thence he paddled into the lake, and by the pictured rocks, and on the south shore said mass, and, by virtue of discovery, claimed the region, its land and inland seas for France. On the shore of the bay, in a village of the Chippewas, he planted a chapel; and there came to him to receive instructions bands of savages who had never seen a white man—Potawatomies, Sacs and Foxes, Illinois—and from Indians of the further west, he heard definitely of the river Mississippi.

Then, in 1668, Allonez was joined by Fathers James Marquette, and Claude Dablon. Marquette, listening to him, was inspired to undertake discovery of the Great River. Congress of Nations was proposed. The tribes of Lake Superior, and those of the north and south were invited. Nicholas Perot, a messenger, secured an escort of Potawatomies, and was the first European amongst the Miamis at Chicago.

The day of the congress was a great day. The sun, risen over the Falls of St. Mary, looked down on an assembly of representative savages from far and near, who could not sate their curiosity gazing at officers of France uniformed in gold. A cross of cedar was set up; the company of Frenchmen chanted a hymn; by the cross a cedar column was erected, marked with the lilies of the Bourbons. So, France laid a hand of possession upon the heart of the continent, and two great tribes of Indiana, the Potawatomies and Miamis, and one of Illinois, were willing witnesses of the deed.

Marquette went next to the authorities of Canada proposing to explore the Mississippi, and carry a flag of France to the Pacific, if the river would bear him thither, or to the Gulf of Mexico, if that was its direction. The ambition of the king was fired, and the adventurer bidden go. There were with him at starting, Joliet, a brother missionary, five Frenchmen, and two Algonquin guides. On the banks of the Wisconsin the Christians were left alone. In the words of Marquette, "France and Christianity stood in the Valley of the Mississippi." In two canoes they descend the Wisconsin, and in seven days they "entered happily the Great River," and Wisconsin was added to New France. On they went—on past the mouth of the Ohio, then called the Wabash—on to the junction of the Missouri—on yet through unknown peoples. A pipe of peace, bright with the plumage of birds, and hanging across the breast of Marquette, was their strange and only safeguard. On still, past the junction with the Arkansas river. Not till then was it definitely ascertained that the Father of Waters stayed his mighty cur-

rent in the Gulf of Mexico. It was enough. The explorer turned his face northward. Joliet was sent to Quebec to proclaim the discovery. Marquette stayed to preach the gospel to the Miamis of Chicago. On the bank of a little river in Michigan he erected an altar, said mass, and being left alone for half an hour, "fell asleep," as Bancroft says, "on the margin of the stream that bears his name."

The conclusion of the discovery was left to Robert Cavalier de la Salle, a trader with the soul of a soldier. Passing up the St. Joseph river, La Salle and his party carried their stores across the portage, and launched themselves on the Kankakee, from which they entered the Illinois; and so France acquired Indiana and Illinois. This was all in 1679. Louisiana and Texas came on a little later.

Look now, and see the new empire—Canada west of Montreal, the great lakes, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota and Indiana, both littoral of the Mississippi southward to the gulf, and all the unknown world, river and mountain bearing, off to Oonalaska's sounding shore. So, in this first epoch of American settlement, we find Indiana a part of New France. I said, "My friends, the romance of the era was inseparable from our noble State." Did I not speak aright?

The second epoch in the history of Indiana is better known, and on that account admits of briefer disposition. There came a time when Great Britain and her American colonists awoke to an appreciation of New France, and resolved to possess it. There was war, and after a while the French were ousted. The romances of the first epoch were religious; those of the second are military. It is not strange that in the struggle, unconfined to any locality, the Indians were allies of the French. In the shadowy frontier we catch glimpses of agencies, some of them of exceeding interest to us. We see Washington, a youthful surveyor, and later a soldier of Virginia fighting France and her savage allies. Braddock, haughty, but brave, marches through the fretted period, going to his defeat and death. When finally the epoch closes, New France is an appendage of the British, and Indiana a full partner in the conquest—Indiana reaching up from her mergement, and stirring, with the whispers of destiny in her ear—Indiana grown more distinctive.

Ladies and gentlemen, the first era in the history of Indiana ended with the expulsion of the French; the second, with the expulsion of the British; the third is ours, and we are standing in its early morning light. Can anything better become us than to un-

derstand it from the beginning? I say the battle fought here was its beginning. Let us see.

The contest between the French and British proved rather an incentive than a deterrant to colonists along the Atlantic. Scaling the Alleghanies, they poured into the valley of the Ohio. The British did not look lovingly upon the movement. They recognized it a force to be opposed. At length Congress took a decided step, and acting prophetically created the Territory of the Northwest, covering the region out of which six States were subsequently carved—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Indiana meantime had risen distinctively. For nearly a century the French, passing from Lake Erie to the Mississippi river, had traversed it. Their route was by way of the Maumee river, the Wabash and the Ohio, with a portage in the vicinity of Lafayette. At the source of the Maumee, at Wea Prairie, and at Vincennes, they had established trading posts and villages, determining not only that Indiana was a favorite even in its merged condition, but also the home and haunt of a multitude of Indians. Yet later, its new possessors distinguished it by keeping Vincennes a seat of justice, or what we would call headquarters or capital. Such it was when George Rogers Clark wrested the fort from them; and in that light it becomes a matter of quick understanding how, upon its fall, the English abandoned the region, retiring into Canada.

At first glance one would think that the disappearance of the British must leave Indiana without an obstruction to the advancing settlers. No so. The Indians remained, and had next to be disposed of.

In 1800 Congress created the Territory of Indiana, and William Henry Harrison, who had been Governor of the Territory of the Northwest, was continued at Vincennes, Governor of the new Territory. Still the Indians stayed in their old haunts, and the condition was war, cruel and relentless. White men were shot down in their fields. Women and children were awakened in their cabins at night by the war whoop; sometimes by the crackling flames in the roof over their heads.

This could not go on. The suffering Territory had become a hope of the nation. It still covered with its name and jurisdiction the present States of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota. Nor that only. Four years after its organization its name and jurisdiction were extended to embrace the unknown and indefinite West, from Ohio to Oregon. Virginia had been less a

mother of States than Indiana; and it is no cause of shame that when the final partition came she was left in area the least of all her splendid progeny.

Great peoples, my friends, are those who come up through tribulations. Indiana, as has been observed, was the home and favorite hunting ground for Indians of many tribes. They infested the rivers, forests and prairies. They knew the soils most favorable to corn. Their veneration for the graves of their fathers was a deathless trait. They had eyes for fair landscapes and far views under bright skies, and divine directions through pathless woods and starless nights, instinct serving them as it serves birds and foxes. War and hunting were passions to which they were born, and they clung to Indiana as souls are supposed to cling to Paradise. White settlers they regarded as mortal enemies whom it was a duty to kill. Such were the savage spirits in the way; clearing land for peaceful farming was waiting on them; and so one last crowning achievement was reserved for the squatters and warrantees first to penetrate the royal preserves of nature primevally in Indiana. And to that I am now come.

An Indian named Tecumseh was the chief obstacle confronting the settler. He was born in Clark county, Ohio. Like Caesar, he was both statesman and warrior. Brave and of matchless eloquence, he yielded himself and his genius to two inspirations, hate of Americans, and an idea said to have been borrowed from Pontiac, the bringing all the tribes north and south into a confederation for offense and defense. His following was regardless of tribal distinctions. In 1808, he and a brother, who assumed the functions of a prophet, were invited by the Pottawatomies to come and live with them in their country, and accepting, he joined them in building a town known as Tippecanoe, or the Prophet's Town, which quickly arose into importance, being both the headquarters of the Prophet and of the confederacy. He established relations with the British in Canada, and, while holding talks, sometimes stormy, sometimes peaceful with the Territorial authorities, was really organizing war against them. These practices he continued down to 1811, when, in furtherance of his great scheme, he went south, leaving the Prophet in control of his affairs in Indiana.

The Territorial seat of government, as has been said, was in Vincennes. Governor Harrison had a proper idea of Tecumseh. In an official report he spoke of him, and there is so much of characterization in what he said that I can not refrain from quotation—"If it were not for the vicinity of the United States he would perhaps be

the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico and Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him today on the Wabash and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi, and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purpose. He is now upon the last rounds to put a finishing stroke upon his work. I hope, however, before his return that that part of the work which he considered complete will be demolished and even its foundation rooted up."

The Governor's judgment was sound, and it was time to act. A few months more—possibly a few weeks—and the whole frontier, thousands of miles in extent, might be drenched in blood. The attempt at extermination was certain to fall heaviest upon Indiana. In fact, the war was already begun.

On the 26th of September, 1811, the Governor set out from Vincennes for the Prophet's town. At 2 o'clock, November 6, he halted and encamped within two miles of his destination.

Let me stop here to correct some popular delusions. Many intelligent persons, failing to realize the extent of settlement in Indiana, believe the battle of Tippecanoe was fought by soldiers of the regular army and by Kentuckians. The best way to settle the point is to speak by the records of the United States war office. By these records the total of the army actually engaged was a few men over nine hundred. Two hundred and fifty of them were of the Fourth regiment of the United States Infantry; sixty were Kentuckians; the rest, six hundred strong, were militia of the Territory of Indiana, raised, we are told, at Corydon, Vincennes, and points along the Wabash and Ohio rivers—six hundred, or nearly two-thirds of the army.

This, ladies and gentlemen, was as it should have been. The firesides to be defended were of Indiana. Saying now that the six hundred behaved well, why should they not receive their due proportion of the glory? With respect to their conduct, hear what Harrison says: "But I have not given them (the regulars) all the honor of the victory. To have done so, I should have been guilty of a violence of truth, of justice, and a species of treason against our Republic itself, whose peculiar and appropriate force is its militia. With equal pride and pleasure, then, do I pronounce that, notwithstanding the regular troops did as well as men ever did, many of the militia were in nowise inferior to them."

But we ought to do better by these brave men, I continue, than we have. We ought, if possible, to find a measure for the honor they won that memorable night in November; for when it is found we will have wherewith to measure the gratitude we owe them.

Undoubtedly there have been greater battles than this one of Tippecanoe—greater in the numbers engaged and in the number killed and wounded—yet few have been more decisive, and still fewer attended with greater results. Bear with me while I tell you of at least one of these results. Perhaps you will then understand why I wanted an effigy in bronze of the Indiana captain, Spencer, one of those who died on the battle line within sound of my voice, set up conspicuously under the shaft of the memorial pile in Indianapolis known as the soldier's monument.

The flower of Tecumseh's savage chivalry were at Tippecanoe, the town, awaiting Governor Harrison's arrival. There was a strong thousand of them. Not a white man was with them, neither Briton nor Frenchman. They were all Indian. If they won, what horrors awaited the defenseless settler of the Territory? On the other hand, if they were beaten—well they were beaten, and consider the one consequence comprehensive of the rest. Never again was there a purely Indian army to offer battle east of the Mississippi. The survivor—Tecumseh as well—sunk to be despised allies of the British. Best of all, however, from that night the way was open and made smooth for the coming of the State of Indiana—the power, commercial, political, social, manufacturing, within the definition with which I set out.

Indiana is my native State. I have seen her growth since 1827, and words are lacking to express the pride I have in her present amplitude of wealth and influence; yet one of the sweetest satisfactions I have springs from the fact that what the feat of arms has done, this crowning achievement, this rescue of civilization, this final extinguishment of savagery, was a performance in which her citizens were principal actors.

HON. EDGAR D. RANDOLPH.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. EDGAR D. RANDOLPH.

(A Memorial Address on the Battle of Tippecanoe, Delivered Sunday, June 17, 1900.)

Indiana, one time the domain of Louis the Great of France, over whose virgin advances George III wielded the scepter of power, whose provincial seat of government has been Quebec, Montreal, Detroit, Richmond, Va., New York City, Marietta, Ohio, and Vincennes, Indiana—Indiana, that one time tolerated slavery, burnt witches at the stake; one time a howling wilderness or uninhabited plains, has a unique history.

When in February, 1779, General Rogers Clark, the Napoleon of pioneer days, defeated and captured the English General Hamilton and his forces at Vincennes, and raised the Stars and Stripes for the first time on Indiana soil, Indiana became an American possession forever. It has ever been the motto of this people that wherever that flag has been planted by American bravery and blood, it is there to remain; never to be hauled down so long as American manhood and patriotism shall endure.

While Washington fought the Revolutionary battles of the East, Clark fought the Revolutionary battles of the West. While Washington and his soldiers held possession of the East, Clark and his little band captured and held possession of the Northwest Territory, now the heart of the nation. It is a question, whether, had it not been for those efforts in the West, the Alleghanies would not have marked the western boundary of the United States north of the Ohio at the close of the Revolution.

THE INDIAN.

The Indian has played an important part in the great tragedies that have occurred in America; not only did he stubbornly impede the progress of the white man, but his warring qualities on one side or the other of national contests, on this continent, has furnished the balance of power that has decided the fate of nations. The Indian has acknowledged allegiance to France, England and America; but the title to his abode has ever been a question of dispute, whether that title was acquired by treaty, rum or money; and it was seldom quieted except by conflict.

Books have been written and theories advanced, how the conflicts with the red man might have been avoided. We judge the motive by the act; we judge the act by the result. It was a condition, not a theory, that confronted the pioneer and the red man. Man, civilized or barbarian, Christian or heathen, is a selfish being. Back of all deeds and doings there is an ego which furnished the spirit of the action, and to be benefited by the result.

As the individual, so the nation; men or nations who claim possession of the same territory do not long remain friends. Thus it was a question of possession between the white man and the Indian, and the only court of final decision was the battle-field, where the doctrine of the survival of the fittest finds its proof.

THE SAXON.

It has been the history of the Saxon race to either exterminate or assimilate whatever race of people came in the line of Saxon progress. That same spirit which made Britain English, made America free, and made the hunting ground of the Indian the paradise of man. Onward, ever onward, conquering but never conquered, has been the motto of the Saxon race since their rude ships sought the shore of Britain. Other nations and peoples have come and gone, but the Saxon nations still progress, as if their destiny was to either exterminate or assimilate all other peoples and nations. That same Saxon blood met the red man on the shores of the Atlantic and the history of the red man's long and weary attempt to arrest the Saxon advance is a strange and sad story. But the Saxon must and did advance, and the Indian would not be assimilated, hence he must be exterminated, and was exterminated. Today only a small number of Indians remain to submit to the last test as to whether they shall be assimilated or exterminated. Thus the conflict begun on the Atlantic, was hard and cruelly fought, back over the Alleghanies, down through the southland and up through the northland to the Mississippi, on the plains, up and down the Rockies to the Pacific, the Saxon still possessing and persisting, while the Indian exists only in memory. The years that intervened from the beginning to the end of that contest are replete with trials, cruelties and sorrows that cannot be described. That the Indian was mistreated at times, none will deny, but that he was barbarous, treacherous and cruel, all must admit. The poisoned arrow, the cruel tomahawk, the merciless scalping knife, the midnight massacre, and the burning stake, a lonely cabin attack, a husband

and father murdered, wife and children stolen, never to see home or dear ones again, these but meagerly tell us of the untellable cruelties and sorrows, trials and fears of the pioneer.

It has been said "The most ultimately righteous of all wars is a war with savages, though it is apt to be the most terrible and inhuman." The rude pioneer settler, who drove the savage from this land has made this cilvilization and this people his everlasting debtor.

THE PIONEER.

Necessity was the pioneer's master; he fought, labored and lived from necessity. In his day each home was a fort, each door-yard a palisade, and every man a warrior; each individual was his own arbiter of right and redresser of wrongs; the log cabin his mansion, the log-rolling his theater, the corn-shucking his social gathering, and the trip to mill his outing: Composed of all classes speaking various languages and representing all Christian religions, creeds and beliefs.

As their settlements enlarged they extended their borders and the red man would again renew his outrages. They related their griefs to each other and each in return would receive the other's sympathy. By association they learned to love and cherish each other; necessity taught them to assist each other, and mutual dangers, threatened by a mutual foe, pledged them to support a common cause.

Theirs was a time of hardships and glorious efforts in the face of daily disappointment, embitterments and rebuffs. The motto of the pioneer of the Northwest was, "He planted a better than the fallen." This motto the pioneer fulfilled. He drove out the savage and established a civilization; transformed the wildernesses and made them blossom like the rose.

TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET.

In 1768 and 1771, respectively, were born two Indian boys, on the Mad River, in Clark County, Ohio, who were to play an important part in the history of Indiana and the nation. These two boys were born enemies of the white man; Tecumseh, the older, became a man of great power. He was a great orator, a great statesman, a great warrior, brave, daring, and artful, a Shawnee by birth, a relentless and powerful leader of men. The Prophet, Tecumseh's brother, was a medicine-man, lazy, licentious and superstitious, who

burned even those of his own people at the stake who would not subscribe to his doctrine; a white man hater and an Indian deceiver, a disturber of men by trade and a demagogue by profession, cruel, artful and treacherous.

These two brothers, in the year 1808, established themselves with the Kickapoos and the Potawatomies, with headquarters at Prophet's Town, which town was located near the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers, about a mile east of the Battle Ground in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. Not natives of the Territory, neither of these boys ever owned a foot of Indiana soil either by gift, devise, adverse possession or conquest. They were a unique combination, each the complement of the other. When one would fail in his art, the other would apply his, and thus accomplish the object in view. Thus these two landless, tribeless brothers soon built themselves a strong following among the tribes of the Wabash, the most of whom they won to their belief. The Prophet performed miracles and superstitions on their followers, and Tecumseh declaimed upon all occasions, pleasing ideals long before set forth and attempted by Pontiac, Little Turtle and others of establishing one great confederacy of tribes, and thereby stop the further advances of the western pioneer.

Notwithstanding the great historic fact, the occupants of the Indiana territory had long since acknowledged allegiance to France and England and had taken part in their wars and surrenders, and thereby surrendered their title by conquest, yet nevertheless this shrewd, brilliant, ambitious, revengeful Tecumseh taught the doctrine that all treaties made were not binding. That one tribe could not sell without the consent of all. He argued that with the confederacy established they could defeat all further advance of the white man. His arguments were accepted by many and the effect of his influence was soon felt by the pioneer; soon depredations occurred along the frontier; people were murdered, houses robbed and burned, horses stolen, and the advance line of civilization was disturbed both by fear and deed. Tecumseh was not without aiders and abettors in his sworn vengeance on the pioneer; these pioneers were American citizens. England still held her forts on the lake and at Detroit, and smarting from defeat in the Revolution, and anxious to do anything to vex and harrass the Americans, was a most willing counsel and adviser with Tecumseh. How many of Tecumseh's arguments and theories originated in English brains will never be known, but that they assisted him, the British muskets and munitions of war discovered at Prophets Town when the same was de-

stroyed after the battle, and the subsequent acts of Tecumseh and the Indians at Detroit and at the battle of the Thames, verify. The plot grows more intense and interesting, for while English sailors oppressed American citizens on the seas, England counseled, incited and encouraged her allies, the red man, to oppress and murder American citizens on land.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Indian depredations continued, and on the 31st day of July, 1811, a public meeting was held at Vincennes, and the government was petitioned for military protection. There was at that time the Governor of Indiana Territory and commander-in-chief of its military forces, a Virginian by birth, an honest man, a brave man, a general. To this man was given the responsibility to protect and defend the citizens of Indiana Territory against the red man's outrages and cruelties. Harrison performed his duty with great diplomacy and humanity. He sent letters to Tecumseh telling him of the blessings of peace and the results of war. Councils were had between Harrison and Tecumseh; arguments were used until reason and persuasion had spent their force, but all in vain. Tecumseh, ever artful and treacherous, was still dreaming of his confederacy, from whose gigantic form he might mete his sworn vengeance upon the white man, the American pioneer. His treaties ever promised, were never made. Yet his confederacy schemes were fast being consummated. He ordered one vast council and goes south to insure its success. The time for some definite accomplishment had arrived, and the little pioneer army, nine hundred strong, marched out beyond civilization, into the rough and rugged wilds of the Wabash, over high grass prairies, to Prophets Town, near the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers, where there was none to lend assistance, cheer or comfort, where victory meant suffering and privation, and where defeat meant a cruel and torturous death.

BATTLE.

It is November 6, 1811, a little army is encamped, the campfires are burning, the evening meal prepared, the orders to sleep on arms are given, the fires are extinguished, the soldiers, tired and weary from the long and fatiguing march, sleep. It is midnight—the last council is assembled in the old Prophets Town, a small distance to the east—the Prophet tells his warriors that he has invoked the aid of the Great Spirit. He promises harmless bullets and a sure vic-

tory; a massacre is planned and the warriors disperse to assume their respective places in the barbarous tragedy. The little pioneer army is surrounded, but the soldiers sleep their death-like sleep; unconscious of the dangers that are about them. It is four o'clock, November 7, 1811, a sentinel is attacked and fires a signal gun—the soldiers fall in, and the battle lines are formed, and a fight to death is begun between the savage and the civilized. Danger and death are on all sides, but the little pioneer army stands bravely its ground; though the savage yells fill the air, and the poisoned bullets pierce the hearts of comrades, yet they stand and bravely hold the lines, and then the dawn of November 7, 1811, breaks upon those heroes, living and dead, and reveals a victory, and the first battle of the second war with England is won. The warriors of Tecumseh are vanquished—Prophets Town is deserted forever—the great Indian confederacy has vanished in the smoke of that battle. Indian depredations in the Northwest are ended—Indiana is free, and the war of 1812 is begun. Then that little pioneer army, bleeding and torn, marched back, but not the nine hundred, for many were dying and thirty-seven brave men had fought their last fight—they were camping forever on the old camp-ground. Thirty-five dead, buried on this then lonely battle-field, far beyond the pale of civilization, where dear ones could not visit, nor sweet flowers pay respect. Buried alone, unshrouded, whose bones were to be dug up, and scattered to bleach upon the battle-field where they died; to bleach for years, until the advanced settler discovered those sacred bones and placed them in the tomb. They fought; they died, that civilization might advance, that we might enjoy this land in happiness and peace. Those heroes are gone; we can not recall them, but they have left us the place and the history of their deeds. They are long since dead, yet they still live in the hearts of this grateful people, and we are here today to bestow our annual tokens of love for what those brave men were, and respect for what they did for us.

INDIANA.

When the Battle of Tippecanoe was fought the population of Indiana did not exceed six thousand, scattered here and there along the Ohio and Wabash rivers—pioneers, whose extreme advance on any line was marked by grim necessity.

When the news of the victory of Tippecanoe was heard, then began the advance of the settler. The covered wagons soon appeared in all parts. Scarcely had the smoke of that battle cleared

away, when there was heard through this land the whack of the woodman's axe, and the plowman's voice. Soon that vast, vacant wilderness was changed. Villages, towns and cities sprang up as if by magic, and the grand distinction of this day is the recognition of the rights of man and the diffusion of the means of improvement and happiness. Instead of fortifications, institutions are erected in which to teach the youth the love of justice and the blessings of peace. Almshouses to alleviate the suffering of the poverty-striken, hospitals in Christian mercy to the unfortunate, and for the nation's defense, beautiful and comfortable homes are erected for the heroes of the nation.

Today Indiana has more than two millions of free people, whose ideas, joys and sorrows are in close contact, and made common by the touch of the electric wire or the telephone, whose lands are fertile, whose hills and plains are replete with riches, whose valleys laugh with gladness, and whose rills and streams flow with a peaceful ripple.

Such a people in such a land ought never to forget the debt of gratitude they owe to the heroes of the Battle of Tippecanoe.

May the time soon come when this great State shall take a little of her abundance and erect on this battle-field a monument upon which may be chiseled the names of the heroes who participated in that memorable struggle: A monument both to the living and to the dead, that in the days to come shall be an inspiration for the living and a due remembrance for the dead.

HON. HENRY WATTERSON.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. HENRY WATTERSON.

(Tippecanoe Battle-field Memorial, June 15, 1902.)

Traveling from out the twilight of the past into the radiance of the present, and tracing as we go the history of the country along the glorious but rugged route of battle-fields, by the glare of fagot flame and rifle flash, it seems ages since Harrison and his hunting-shirts met and vanquished the hordes of the two Tecumsehs; yet, are there men living, and here today, who, if they were not contemporary with the event and its valiants, can distinctly recall the spirit of those times, the aspects, the very familiar features, of those valiants; the atmosphere, the form and body of an epoch when from Faneuil Hall in Boston, from Raleigh Tavern in Virginia, to Fort Wayne and Old Vincennes upon the confines of this borderland, the redskin and the redcoat alike, stirred to its depths the heart of the young republic. There were giants in those days; and there was need that there should be. No vestibuled trains nor palace coaches awaited to fetch them thither; no noisy procession, with banners waving and brass bands playing, marched forth to honor their arrival. They journeyed for the most part afoot. They picked their way through trackless canebrake and wooded waste, across swift-running, bridgeless streams, their flintlocks their commissariat.

They had quitted what they regarded as the overcrowded centers of the populous East to seek the lonely, but roomier wilds of the far West, keenly alive to the idea of bettering their condition, having a fine sense of pure air and arable land; it may be for town site; but their hearts beat true to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and they brought with them two accoutrements of priceless value—the new-made Constitution of their country and the well-worn family Bible; for they were God-fearing, Christian soldiers; heroes in homespun, as chivalric and undoubting as mailed Knights of the Cross; hating with holy hate the Indians and the British; revering the memory of the patriots and sages who had made the Declaration of Independence, warm with the blood of the Revolution; the echoes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of King's Mountain and Yorktown still ringing in their ears. I dare say their descendants are equally capable of sacrifices. But it is not of ourselves we are here to speak. It is to commemorate the slain who lie here and

hereabouts; to keep their deeds and their worth for long aye, green; to confess the debt we owe them; to garland their graves. If, in paying this homage from the living to the dead, we rekindle within us the spirit of the dead, we shall, with each annual recurrence of the day, the surer approve our coming and grow better as we come.

Our lot has been cast in easier times, has been laid on broader, larger lines. We live in an age of miracles. We gather the fruit of the tree which these, our forefathers, planted. From the ashes of their camp-fires rise the schoolhouse and the courthouse. The church marks the spot where the blockhouse stood. The war-whoop of the savage is succeeded by the neigh of the iron horse; the gleam of the tomahawk by the flare of the electric light. Danger of the kind that was their daily, hourly companion is to us unknown. Privation such as they sustained assails not honest toil, however humble. Wealth and luxury wait attendant upon thrift and skill. Primogeniture no longer cheats merit of its due. Entail no longer usurps the present and puts its mortgage on the future. Opportunity and peace, order and law are the portion of the poorest. Struck by the wizard hand of progress the sleeping beauty, solitude, has awakened a metropolis; touched by the finger of modern invention, the prairie and the forest, as by enchantment, have revealed their secrets and poured their riches into the lap of labor. Upon the loose cobblestones of what was but a huddle of small provinces, each claiming for itself a squalid sovereignty and held together by a rope of sand, rises proudly, grandly, securely a nation of an indissoluble compact of states, cemented together by the blood of a patriotic, brave, homogeneous people.

The bucolic republic of Washington and Franklin, the sylvan idyl of Jefferson—the government which equally at home and abroad had from the first to fight for its existence—is a world power; and, to the present generation of Americans, these things have come without any effort of their own; as a rich inheritance, and which, for good or evil, they are but beginning to administer and enjoy. I pray them well to weigh its responsibilities; deeply to ponder the changes wrought by a century of acquisition and development; prayerfully to consider the exceptional conditions and the peculiar perils of the present that vigilance is the price, not alone of liberty, but of all the better ends of life. Ours is a government resting on public opinion. Each man is his own master. He can blame nobody but himself if he go astray. Has not the telegraph annihilated time and space? Does not the daily newspaper

bring him each day the completed history of yesterday? Is he not able to read, to mark, and, inwardly to digest the signs of the times? With these helps, why should he not be able to reach intelligent and just conclusions?

It is largely true that all men do not think alike. The same fact will receive different interpretations from different minds. There are conflicts of statement. Even the press is not infallible. We group ourselves in parties, and, as with our watches, each believes his own. Thus the ship of state is blown hither and yonder, by the trade winds of public opinion, yet, somehow, it has sailed triumphant; the struggle for freedom; the struggle for union; the foreign war; the domestic war; the disputed secession, these it has survived; until at last it has to face the most serious peril of all in that excess of grandeur and power which crowns a century of marvelous achievement.

We have become a nation of merchant princes. Money is so abundant that men are giving it away in sums of startling magnitude. It seems so easy to get, that men are on system putting it in the way of a kind of redistribution back to the sources whence it originally came. Shall we see the day when it will no longer corrupt? If familiarity breeds contempt, we surely shall. The earth's surface appears to be but an incrustation over one vast mine of gold and silver and precious stones.

Life is a lottery with more prizes than blanks. But, in a land where there are no titles, or patents of nobility, money is bound to serve as the standard of measurement; as precisely as constitutional government, political and religious freedom, were uppermost in the minds and hearts of the pioneers who sleep here, is the acquisition of wealth uppermost in the minds and hearts of their sons and grandsons. In other words, as I have elsewhere put it, the idosyncrasy of the nineteenth century was liberty; the idosyncrasy of the twentieth century is markets. The problem before us, therefore, involves the adjustment of these two; the reconciliation of capital and labor, morality and dollars, the concurrent expansion of the principles of the constitution and the requirements of commerce. It is of good augury that both our two great parties claim the same objective point, and, as I do not doubt that we are on the ascending, not the descending, scale of national development, with centuries of greatness and glory before us, I shall continue, as is my duty, to discuss my own particular horn of dilemma, sure that in the end, truth will be vindicated and the flag of our country exalted.

To these ends, whatever our political belongings and affiliations, let each of us here today resolve faithfully to address himself. Party spirit, held within the bonds of reason, restrained by good sense and good feeling, is an excellent thing. It is of the essence of our republican being. I can truly say that I never loved any man less because he did not agree with me; and, though I chide him for perversity, I respect his right. The bedrock of civil and religious liberty is the law; the bell-tower of freedom is tolerance. The mute inhabitants of these swelling mounds, could they speak, would tell us that it were little worth the toil and travail endured by them when, amid these greenwood shades they sought and found emancipation from ages of feudal wrong, if, overflowing with prosperity, bursting with pride, we should forget the lesson and dissipate the heritage; repeating under the pretentious nomenclature of democracy, the dismal story of Greece and Rome. It can never be. We live in the twentieth, not in the first of the centuries.

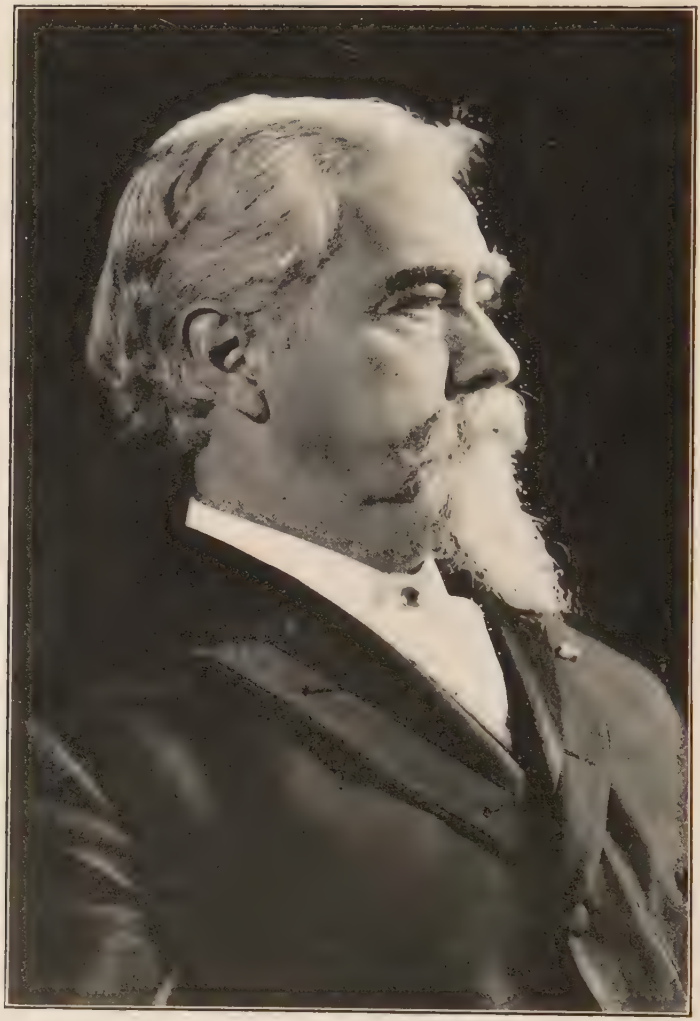
Though human nature be never the same, the tale is told by human environment, by mortal conditions, and we shall the rather go forward than backwards; the constitution in one hand, the Bible in the other hand, the flag over head, carrying to all the lands and all the peoples the message alike of civilization and religion, the ark and the covenant of American freedom along with the word of God. The hunters of Kentucky, the pioneers of Indiana, united as brothers in the bonds of liberty, fought the battle of Tippecanoe. It was not a great battle as battles go; but it proved mighty in its consequences; the winning and the peopling of the West; the ultimate rescue of the union from dissolution; the blazing of the way to the Pacific. They were simple, hardy men. They set us good examples. They loved their country and were loyal to its institutions. They were comrades in hearts and comrades in arms. Be it ours to bless and preserve their memory and to perpetuate their brotherhood.

ADDRESS BY GEN. JOHN C. BLACK.

(Tippecanoe Battle-field, June 21, 1903.)

I was the more easily influenced to accept the invitation extended to me to address you on this occasion, not only from the fact that the writer of it was a friend of my boyhood and a comrade in the days that tried men's souls, but also further from the fact that long before the great war had come, as a boy and youth, it had been my pleasure to see and hear much of this old battle-ground arena. Here I have seen the congregated thousands of Indiana, not met to discuss the heroic events of the past, but to discuss the living issues of their time. Here I have listened to some of the most eloquent voices that ever gave form to the purpose of the Northwest and shaped its career. And long before that it had been mine, as a resident of the valley of the Wabash, this land, than which there is none fairer or richer under the sun, this valley with its sloping hills and cun-crowned heights, of stretching plains that go to meet the forest, and forests that decorate nature's fairest form; this valley where before man was set in it, the almighty architect and lover had stored away all the resources for the comfort and happiness of men and women—his children; I say that after becoming a resident of this valley it had been mine around the cabin fire of those who came immediately after the pioneers, to hear told over and over from the lips of participants, in some cases, the story of the battle of Tippecanoe.

And so, when the invitation came from Barney Shaw, I was glad to accept it, and I stand before you today, not with word of apology, but with word of regret that I am not better prepared for the high task for which this majestic audience is assembled. What are you here for, my fellow-countrymen? Look all about you and see the signs of the profoundest and most prosperous peace, the edifices of humanity and the structures of Christian love. But these are not the magnet that has drawn you. What are you here for? Let all this, for a little time, disappear from your eyes. Go back ninety-two years, and then let us see if in their environment we can appreciate why this audience is gathered about the graves of the silent sleepers in this cemetery. We must do this to understand why this assemblage. Unless we understand why men fight and why they die, war is butchery, and every battle-field an unholy



GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK.

hecatomb. Why were these men here ninety-two years ago, far from home, to meet a savage foe? And to answer that question properly I am going to ask you who are young to listen, and you who are older to recall the story of the years preceding 1811. The young republic had freed itself from the political domination of the mother country, but Great Britain, the majestic power that then ruled all the waters of the world, parted reluctantly with her prestige, and, although she had signed a treaty which acknowledged the independence of the United States of America, at the same time in her heart and purpose she held the solemn resolve that if it were possible, by guile or force of arms at a later period, to resume her empire, that would she do. Our little commerce was just struggling into existence, and all of it a commerce of peace. She set her myriad fleets on trackless waves to drive that commerce back to our shores and out of existence. We have the testimony of a president of the United States, almost a thousand sail. Her pressgangs had invaded our territorial jurisdiction, and in the streets of our cities had sought out the refugees from her political tyranny. They had gone aboard the vessels of the United States at their will and had impressed and removed American citizens from those ships and taken them to fight her wars. At last, upon the open sea, she had assailed the flag of the Union flying at the masthead. Nor was this all.

The great Napoleon, having given to us the empire that now comprises so many of our States, looked with reluctance upon the majestic departing venture of a greater French empire on the western coast, and he, too, longed for the time when Louisiana might be restored to the flag of the tricolor. So, between France and England in their titanic European war, the commerce of the United States, neither of them fearing her and neither of them respecting her, and both of them hating her—the commerce of the United States, between the decrees in the council and the edicts of Napoleon, was being shredded to pieces as paper is cut between the strong shears of the cutter. Spain, too, still held her southwestern line and pushed up to the very banks of the Sabine with her ready allies to resume possession in the southern country, if it were possible. An empty treasury, and at last the last warship of the government of the United States sold at public sale, because the government of the United States could no longer pay the men that were to sail it. This was the defenseless attitude upon three sides of the Union. All up and down the Canadian border were the martial posts of that power that boasted even then, Mr. Chairman, that her drum beat was

heard around the world and her cannon from Quebec and Montreal frowned upon Detroit and all the border of the St. Lawrence. She was making friends of the deadliest foe that ever stood in the shadow of battle, and wherever her intrigue, her promises, her cajolements or her bribes could influence the Indian he was being arrayed against the United States. In the meantime the conspiracy of Burr had been stricken down, but left its deep scars upon the public mind. The young republic had on the western side of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio River but a single state, and all the rest was territory to be fought for and held, or fought for and lost.

So there came into existence at that time, as if an instrument of fate, the Indian, Tecumseh, and his superstitious and cunning brother. Right here, almost within sound of my voice, they established the headquarters of a savage alliance that was to knit the power of Great Britain on the north and Spain on the south with a chain of fire and rapine that should extend up and down from the Mississippi and hold these American settlements in the bond of the tomahawk and the torch. And so 1811 came in the fullness of time. How much effect do you suppose the excursion that reached this battle-field had upon the public mind? How many of the legislators of the United States do you presume at that time knew of the existence of this peril, or knowing, cared for it? I find, by examination of the public documents that on the 5th of November, two days before this engagement was reached, the President of the United States, in a serious message to Congress, declared that, owing partly to several Indian murders and outrages, and more particularly to the formation of a confederation under the lead of a fanatic Shawnee Indian, it had been necessary to dispatch an expedition toward the northwest. No mention was made of its forces or of its purposes, or of its leaders. And into the vast pool of the public mind at the capital dropped this little stone of a message settling toward the bottom and out of sight. Two days later this contest came and seven weeks after that the President of the United States addressed another message to Congress in which he spoke in most glowing terms of the gallantry that had been displayed on this field, and of the losses that had been incurred, bewailing them and hoping that the widows and orphans of those men would receive the special attention of the public legislature. And this was what the Battle of Tippecanoe came to in the contemporary history of that time. But to us who look at it in these later days it was a greater thing than that, for at the touch of the American soldier

on this grassy plain, and under these lofty boughs, the trunks of whose trees still display the leaden marks of battle, there was delivered the deadliest blow to this vast conspiracy that embraced the cabinets of Europe and the council fires of the Indian that ever was administered to a similar coalition upon any battle-field in the world.

When on the morning of the 7th of November that red host that in the night had drawn, with Indian cunning, close up to the camps of the sleeping soldiers, was parted and rolled away, all along the line of the St. Lawrence fell the gloom. In the councils of the southwest, where the Spaniard waited for successful results, there was consternation, and the mighty Indian conspiracy against the American, which Pontiac fifty years before had initiated, and which Tecumseh had almost consummated, disappeared, and with it forever the last great obstacle of the aborigine to the advent and progress of the American citizen. True, there have been other battles since, other Indian wars, but this was the most formidable one of which American history bears record. Who were the men who stood on this battle-field on the defensive? Oh, Mr. Chairman, in these later days it is worth our while to remember that the nucleus of that mighty force was the regular army of the United States, an army that has never raised its hand against the people or the public institutions or the sanctity of this republic. (Applause.) And, thank God, it never will. (Renewed applause.) In that little battalion of regulars were gathered the men of Ohio and Kentucky and Illinois, all with one single purpose, and in one single brotherhood, the great type of the union and power that was, and is, and, please God, will be to the end of his records. (Applause.) I wish I could picture them to you as they were, the simplest soldiers in the line of time, unlettered, untaught in arms, unlearned in the schemes of government, yet they knew they were a part and parcel of a mighty people that the Almighty had set them on the frontiers to keep watch and ward over that people, and that they would perform that duty. They were frugal, ununiformed, plain in attire, insensible to fatigue, watchful as a catamount, resolute as men, heroic as martyrs, and they set their homespun shoulders to the mighty wheel of civilization. At the command of their government they came up this valley for the purpose of preserving their frontier, and they camped here in the security of that November night.

And who were those against them? The original owners of the soil is sometimes the answer. Sentiment says "the poor Indian." Poesy speaks of him as "the dispossessed lord of the soil." And ro-

mance pictures the gallant warrior standing with his eagle plumes in the sunshine, shouting his death cry of defiance against the open foe. But that is not the Indian of American history—let us pass his faults by—superstitious, ignorant, blood-thirsty, thoughtless, cruel in success, merciless in warfare, he claimed the land and intended to hold it by force of arms. What title had he? Long ago He who created man and put him on this goodly earth, said "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and he or she who holds a title to the freehold, holds it in trust from the Almighty, for the good of the human race. (Applause.) The Indian's claim was that this mighty continent, the most fertile in the world, whose springs gush with the richness of Pacolus, whose forests are filled with resources and plenty for the race, whose untilled fields had been storing away for millions of years the bread and corn and wine that was to sustain this people; the Indian said that this vast hemisphere was for his "hunting ground." And there were 400,000 of them, and they proposed to hold that land to the exclusion of those who have come after, and who today, one hundred million strong between the gulf and the poles, are occupying the land in peace and plenty. The Indian proposed that his warpath should be forever a dividing line between savagery and civilization, that no locomotive, that no emigrant wagon, that no lone pioneer should ever cross it on the journey toward the west, or toward comfort. The Indian proposed that his tepee should stand where today the cities that hold millions of laborers, and thinkers and lovers of their kind are reared, and there have been those who, upon such claims have justified the resistance that was made here, and the attack that was made here by the Indians under Tecumseh.

But in the sober light of reason, all such theorizings and defenses are idle as the wind. The men who were here from Ohio and Indiana and Kentucky, and from the Union, were here in the high purpose of preserving that Union, preserving these frontier settlements from the scalping knife and the torch, and making peace reign throughout the borders of a great State and the vast territory that lay near it. And they succeeded, my countrymen. (Applause.) On other occasions you have doubtless heard from other orators the story of this contest. It is not mine to give it in detail. The marks upon the trees here tell us where the contest raged. The pages of history devoted to the annals of this spot tell the number that were sacrificed, the grandeur of the assault, and the heroism of the defense. They tell you how the chieftain led the attack, and afterward as his lines were closed in upon by

the savage foe, baring his breast beside his plainest comrades to the stroke of battle and death. The records show that in this enclosure 188 of the sons and fathers of the settlers were killed or wounded, to break the mighty coalition of savagery and feudalism. Yonder Jo Daviess fell, the highest single sacrifice of all the troublous Indian wars. For when he fell a lawyer, poet, orator, mighty advocate, true patriot, was laid to rest. Here also Spier Spencer fell, and although his name has been perpetuated, he was a costly sacrifice upon this battle-field, and back from this raging point through all the great region which they saved the messengers of victory were also the messengers of loss and individual mourning. It was through the scattered homes of the Wabash and the Ohio, the death angel passing touched the foremost ones, and mouring came upon the bereaved homes. But it was well that they then and there laid down their lives. For

> Whether on the scaffold high,
> Or in the battle's van;
> The noblest place for man to die,
> Is where he dies for man.

And that is what each and every one of these men who fell here did. They died that a great republic might live; that its enemies might be destroyed, and that way might be made for the feet of the emigrant into and across this mighty and fertile land of ours. And after these ninety-two years we can look back and thank God that it is our privilege to stand here, and it is your high privilege, citizens of this county, to shelter here this shrine and mausoleum. That battle had to be fought somewhere; that savage combination had to be broken somewhere, and it is well for us that we are able to stand in the midst of those scenes, and sacrifices and triumphs.

We, my gray companions and comrades, have been accustomed to stories of battles. Many of us have passed over the borders of the greatest battle-fields of all time. We have seen the hosts of right and wrong engaged in conflicts that have shaken the earth; that have destroyed intrenched wrong; that have changed the dynasties of the world. As we look back through the mists of ninety-two years to this spot and remember that only a few men fell here, and that all the forces engaged in both sides were fewer than two of the stalwart regiments Indiana sent out to maintain the flag from 1861 to 1865, this apparently diminishes the value and majesty of the action. But the thoughtful man knows that great victories are not always measured by the numbers of men who are engaged.

I remember that in Roman history the brightest single exploit of the early days was when Horatius stood at the bridge and asked for two strong men to keep the bridge with him against the Sabine array, and from that time to this his name has been typical of all that the Romans did, and all that valor could accomplish. I remember that history says that three hundred men stood in the pass of a small mountain and bade defiance to the barbaric hordes of Asia and died, and only a messenger remained, but in their deaths they made Thermopylæ immortal and rescued the civilization of Europe from the domination of wrong. I remember that in the history of the United States in the far southwest a lonely church pulpit on the borders of a Texas town became the citadel where American valor under Crockett and Bowie and their compatriots set themselves against the barbarism of Mexico and died to a man and made their names immortal and gave the great southwest to the American flag and American purposes, kindling a flame that reached the Atlantic, and ceased not to burn until the Rio Grande had been crossed by the barbarian and the borders of the republic were set upon natural lines in the southwest, and yet those that struggled in the Alamo were not half as many as those who struggled here.

I remember that when the British forces marched out from Boston to engage the farmers of New England they who stood against that force were fewer in numbers by far than those who struggled here under Harrison, and yet they fired the shot that not has only been heard around the world, but that has been felt in the bosom and purposes of mankind wherever man is known and carries out his high destiny. I remember that when the mighty hosts of the rebellion had been drawn from all the resources of the south and stood massed against the armies of the Tennessee and the Cumberland and the Ohio and in the Atlanta campaign, and that which followed, that there came a time when the holding of Altoona pass meant success or the prolongation of disastrous continued war, and I remember how all day long back and forward by those low yellow walls and those slender defenses the strength and core of the rebellion surged, until every man within the heroic defense was either almost dead or dying, and lay down at last in victory under a triumphant flag. (Applause.) And yet the men that held Altoona pass with all its consequences were scarcely more than those who waged this battle here. Had Harrison failed here and Tecumseh succeeded there would have been no mourning along the St. Lawrence and no bitter withdrawal to the Rio Grande, but instead, pushing forward to the very foot of the Alleghenies the uprising

power of Great Britain would have helped to choke and destroy the infant republic that she hated. I think a great deal of Great Britain now. I think that, humbled and chastened as she was during two wars, she is a great big mother to be proud of. (Applause.) But in those days, under her guns and under her flag, were all cruelties and all feudalism, and all oppresions of liberty, and all retroaction. Under her flag was the throne; back of the throne the pressgang, and the battleships loaded with thunder for American commerce. Back of her throne was every retroaction that condemned democracy and the great republic that was to be, and when her allies fell on this field her plans for the control of the North American continent were dispelled, and forever. The longer I live the more thoroughly convinced I become that there are no mistakes in the lives of great nations; that the purposes of the Almighty, obscured though they may be temporarily, still go on and on through seeming disaster and seeming victories, and that either by the great or the small, with the host or the detachment, He still advances His high plans, and I believe furthermore that this American people has set before it a destiny and purpose which will not be taken from them by the Almighty commander until it is accomplished.

I believe that the welding blows delivered in favor of our civilization here have been felt in the added strength of our people from that day to this. I believe that from this battle-field as a point of sacrifice the American soldier educated by ten thousand humble firesides has been strengthened, renewed and refreshed for all the contests that belong to his time, and to his race and his government. Look today upon all about us; a free land, a happy people, a splendid and merciful government, correcting its own wrongs and punishing its own criminals, and rewarding its own faithful and devoted sons and daughters; a land conserved to humanity, where woman is queen of the world—(Applause)—not by virtue of her birth, or breeding, or her beauty, but because she is an American woman. (Applause.) A land where the little children have opened to them every pathway of progress and opportunity; where wealth can not hedge the career of the truly great, nor intrigue destroy the strength of the truly patriotic; a land where manhood can win still as it has through 125 years the highest prizes of social and political and moral existence; a land whose future seems as boundless and brilliant as the most ardent lover of his kind and his country could desire, a land of learning, and law and order and peace, not due wholly to this battle-field, but due in that small part which

belongs to a noble field well fought by sacrificial men, by honest men, by unselfish men. Let Indiana, then, here in the time that is to come, or let the nation, if such shall better serve the purpose, rear a shaft that shall not speak one word of compliment, that shall not speak one word of vainglorifying, but shall tell how the American soldier in the emergency caught the high purposes of his country and carried them to success; set the standard of the country upright in the graves of the fallen, and then returned again like the teacher of his kind, and the emulated of his country, to his quiet home. Let Indiana tell or all the nation tell, not with any closing words of praise, the simple story of the 7th of November, 1811. (Great applause.)

ADDRESS BY THE HON. ALVA O. RESER.

(Tippecanoe Battle-field Memorial, June 19, 1904.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—Ninety-three years ago on this spot the sentinel, Stephen Mars, fired what was really the first shot in the War of 1812. Here was fought the Battle of Tippecanoe—a battle of national importance. As Senator Turpie said to me the other day, "If all the people interested in that battle would give a dime, you could have here one of the grandest monuments in the world."

Tecumseh was at that time seeking to form a confederation among the Indians, with the ostensible purpose of retaining to the Indians their hunting grounds. Spain, indignant and malignant, because of the Burr Conspiracy and loss of territory, was encouraging the Indians. Napoleon Bonaparte at that time was endeavoring to ride rough shod over Europe, and hoping to dominate the world, and by the cession of the Louisiana Territory, and in other ways, was trying to bring on war between America and England. England, yet smarting under her defeat in the Revolution, was impressing American seamen on American ships on the high seas, and had her agents at work among the Indians, stirring up discord and furnishing them arms. Every Indian in that battle was armed with a rifle, with a scalping knife, with a tomahawk, and most of them with a spear. The white men were armed only with rifles. Most of the arms the Indians had were obtained from the English. General Harrison and his men were fighting to preserve their homes.

The greatest battle ever fought on the soil of the present State of Indiana, was the Battle of Tippecanoe. This battle was fought largely by Indiana people. In General Harrison's army there were two hundred and fifty regulars, sixty Kentuckians, and six hundred Indiana men. In this battle, thirty-seven were killed, one hundred and fifty-one wounded, of which fifteen afterwards died. The history of the march and the battle have been told on this platform many times, and I shall not weary you with a repetition. I shall not take up the time to tell you about Harrison's march from Vincennes, about the battle in the early morning of November 7, 1811, about the Prophet and his magic bowl and beads, of the gallant conduct of that little army, of the victory, of the burning of the Prophet's town; or the return to Fort Harrison. That is history familiar to you all. We are here today to honor the memories of these heroes. Their gallant deeds were recognized by President

HON. ALVA O. RESER.

Madison in a message to Congress on the 18th of December, 1811. It was recognized by resolutions passed by the legislature of Indiana Territory, of Kentucky and of the Territory of Illinois. It became the unwritten law of the State of Indiana, in after years when new counties were organized, that they should be named after some hero who fought at this battle.

Tippecanoe County is rich in its history. In 1719, nearly one hundred years before the Battle of Tippecanoe, there was formed three and one-half miles south of Lafayette, by the French, a post called Fort Ouiatenon, and this was the first white settlement in the State of Indiana, antedating the settlement at Vincennes almost a decade. Afterwards the English captured this post from the French and finally, in the Pontiac conspiracy, about 1764, that old fort was captured from the English by the Indians. Ouiatenon means "Wea Town." At the time the Indians captured this post at Ouiatenon from the English, there were three French Canadian traders outside of the post. These French traders persuaded the Indians to release the sergeant, and two or three of the English soldiers who had been captured. The French traders then went up along the Wabash to a point just east of the village of Battle Ground, on property now owned by Mrs. Fisher, and established a trading post there. I took a walk the other evening out to where the trading post was. It is marked by a stone, a haw tree, and the stump of an old apple tree. Many of the old citizens of this community remember the old chimney that stood for many years where that trading post was. In the early days the Weas had a village here. Here it was the Prophet came and established the "Prophet's Town," so familiar in history. The Prophet's Town probably extended for several miles along the Wabash and the Tippecanoe. Senator Turpie tells me that in his early boyhood, he found burned sticks on the high grounds along the Tippecanoe. John Graves tells me he found burned corn there, which was probably burned by Harrison on the morning after the battle.

It was well that this battle was fought here when it was. The defeat of the Indians here broke up the designs of Tecumseh, and if the battle had not been fought, and the designs of Tecumseh had been fully carried out, it might have jeopardized the success of the Americans in the War of 1812. Tecumseh is considered by many to have been the greatest Indian that ever lived, with the possible exception of Little Turtle, the Miami chief. When engaged in war he allowed no murder of prisoners, no violence against women or children. He conducted his campaigns according

GENERAL JOHN TIPTON.

to the rules of civilized warfare, in so far as an Indian chief, commanding Indian warriors, could. He was something of an orator. In the Vincennes conference with Harrison, when he was offered a chair, Tecumseh said haughtily, "The sun is my father, the earth is my mother, and I will recline on her bosom," and he sat down on the ground. He said further to Harrison, "Your women and children are safe. My warriors are against your men." Tecumseh was killed at the Battle of the Thames, a few miles from Detroit, on October 15, 1813. At that battle General Harrison was Commander-in-chief of the Western army. Tecumseh said the Thames reminded him of the Wabash. Richard Johnson, of Kentucky, was elected Vice-President of the United States, along with Van Buren, largely because of the fact that he claimed to have killed Tecumseh.

The Indians were very superstitious. At one time the Prophet learned from some white men there was to be an eclipse. With great ceremony he proclaimed to the Indians this fact. When the eclipse came he said to them in a loud voice, "Behold my prophecy has come true. The sun is shrouded in darkness." Tecumseh was down in Mississippi when the Battle of Tippecanoe was fought. He told the Indians of Mississippi that when he got back to Indiana they would hear something and they must march to Indiana. Along in 1811 there was an earthquake in the Mississippi Valley. These Indians when they were visited by the earthquake, thought this was the warning Tecumseh was to give them, and started north and got as far as Tennessee when they learned of the Battle of Tippecanoe.

The Indians claimed the land because they were here first. At the time of the Battle of Tippecanoe it is said there were one hundred and eighty thousand Indians between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River. That would be thirty-eight hundred and forty acres of land for each man, or over nineteen thousand acres for each Indian family. The Indian claimed that this land, which today between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River, supports fifty millions of people, with its schools, and churches, and railroads, and manufactures, should be forever maintained as his hunting ground. I do not believe this claim can be justified. General Harrison burned logs over the graves of those who fell at this battle, but the Indians unearthed the remains. General Harrison visited this spot in 1836.

I once heard Henry Ward Beecher say that families travel in circles, oftentimes the father traveling up one side, and the son down the other. I remember that of the students who attended Purdue University with me a quarter of a century ago, those who

seemed to have the best opportunities in life, in many cases have been outstripped in the world's broad field of battle, by those who did not seem to have any opportunities at all. The Harrison family has been an anomalous one in that respect. The father of William Henry Harrison was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and there were two presidents from that family in the short space of fifty years. It was claimed by some that General Harrison was surprised by the Indians at the Battle of Tippecanoe. The internal evidence satisfies me that he took all precautions. In the first place he had fought with Mad Anthony Wayne, the man whom Little Turtle described as "the man who never sleeps"; he was in sight of a hostile Indian village, whose chief had refused to talk to his interpreter, and his little army was in camp on ground selected by the Indians for them. Surely any commander under such circumstances would have been on the alert, and especially one who so thoroughly understood Indiana warfare. I have a letter from J. S. Pfrimmer, of Corydon, Indiana, whose father was in this battle. He says, "My father often told me he had a messmate by the name of Bayard. On the evening before the battle Bayard said to my father, 'Sam, sleep with your moccasins on, for them red devils are going to fight before day.' When the fighting began, Bayard says, 'Sam, there they are!'"

Outside of General Harrison, who was only temporarily in Indiana, and George Rogers Clark of an earlier day, Gen. John Tipton impressed himself more upon the early history of Indiana than any other man. Captain Spencer's company occupied the point at the south end of the battle-field. When Spencer fell and his first lieutenant fell, Tipton, who was an ensign, took charge of the company. General Harrison rode down to the point and said to the young ensign, "Where is your captain?" "Dead, sir," replied the young ensign. "Where is your lieutenant?" "He is also dead, sir." "Who is in command of this company?" "I am, sir," replied the young ensign. "Hold your own, my brave boy," said General Harrison, "and I will send you reinforcements." After the battle General Tipton served in the legislature, and it was largely through his influence that so many counties in the State of Indiana were named after men who fought here. Tipton became an Indian agent. In 1829 he rode all night on horseback from Logansport to Crawfordsville, where he bought the land on which the battle was fought. In 1831 Tipton became United States Senator. The home of Tipton was in Logansport. I visited his grave three weeks ago, and on the tombstone is the following simple inscription:

GENERAL JOHN TIPTON.
Died April 5, 1839; Age 53 years.

On December 28, 1833, the following joint resolution was passed by the Indiana legislature:

WHEREAS, Immemorial usage has sanctioned the custom of perpetuating the memories of departed heroes and patriots by monumental honors; and,

WHEREAS, The land on which was fought the memorable Battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, contains the bones of many a brave man and pure patriot, whose sacred relics the State of Indiana is bound, by every consideration of the honor to herself and respectful and decent regard for their memories, to preserve them from the rude hand of the disturber; and,

WHEREAS, That consecrated spot is the property of an individual who shared in the dangers and honors of that battle, and who, it is believed, is awaiting only a respectful request from the State for an opportunity of ceding or selling at a normal price the land on which the battle was fought, or so much thereof as has been set apart as a repository or burying place of those who fell in the engagement. The legislature, feeling that it is the duty to the memories of the dead, as well as the feelings of their friends and relatives who survive them, and to the character of the State, that a cession shall be procured, or purchase made of the battle-ground, do adopt, for the purpose of carrying into effect the above object, the following joint resolution:

Resolved, By the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, that the governor be requested, on the part of the State, to procure by cession so much land as he may deem necessary to meet the intention of this resolution, and, in case a cession cannot be obtained, to ascertain at what price, and under what condition, the purchase can be made, and report the same to the next legislature.

In compliance with that resolution on the first day of November, 1834, seventy years ago, Abel C. Pepper, of Ohio County, who was then an Indian agent and who was afterwards a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, carried a letter from Governor Noble to General Tipton at his home in Logansport. I read about this letter in the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of 1850. I could find no trace of it in the state house. I went to Logansport and interviewed Matilda Tipton, the granddaughter of General Tipton, in her modest home on Broadway street. She searched for it among the General's papers, and at the bottom of his box, neatly folded and tied with a faded red tape, was the letter of Governor Noble, and a copy of the answer of General Tipton, in his own handwriting, by which he agreed to transfer the grounds on which the Battle of Tippecanoe was fought to the State of Indiana.

These letters read as follows:

Indianapolis Nov. 1st. 1864

The Hon John Tipton

Dr. The last Legislature of our State, by a Joint Resolution, made it the duty of the Governor to ascertain the terms upon which, you would surrender the ground, on which was fought, the memorable Battle of Tippecanoe With the events of that struggle honorable mention has been frequently made of your name, of your fellow officers and Soldiers who survived it by the brave General who commanded, as well as of those who were slain: and knowing your high estimate of the courage and private virtues of your companions who fell and whose remains render that a sacred spot, I need say but little to induce you to appreciate the motive which prompts the measure that of a just regard for the memory of the lamented dead. Allow me to refer you to the resolution and request and answer as early as your convenience will permit.

I am &c.

With great esteem,

Your obt Svt

N. Noble

(Resolution to be found in last volume of our Laws;

[Indianapolis, Nov. 1st, 1834

The Hon John Tipton

Sir.

The last Legislature of our State, by a Joint Resolution, made it the duty of the Governor to ascertain the terms, upon which, you would surrender the ground, on which was fought, the Memorable Battle of Tippecanoe With the events of that struggle honorable mention has been frequently made of your name, of your fellow officers and soldiers who survived it by the brave General who commanded, as well as of those who were slain; and knowing your high estimate of the courage and private virtues of your companions who fell and whose remains render that a sacred spot, I need say but little to induce you to appreciate the motive which prompts the measure, that of a just regard for the memory of the lamented dead. Allow me to refer you to the resolution and request and answer as early as your convenience will permit.

I am Sir

With great esteem,

Your obt svt

N. Noble

(Resolution to be found in last volume of our laws)]

Falls of the Wabash 7th Nov 18

His Excy N Noble

Sir

I have the honour to acknow the receipt of your favour of the first of the month informing me that by a Resolution of the last Legislature of ~~the state~~ it was made the duty of the Governor to ascertain upon what terms I would ~~convey~~ surrender to the state the ground upon which was fought the memorable battle of Tippecanoe. and in reply I have to inform you that in purchasing the battle ground I was actuated by no other motive than that of pro it ~~that ground~~ in order to preserve the bones of ~~them~~ companions in arms who fell there, and that it will afford me grate pleasure to convey the battleground to the state of Indiana, free of any charge, whenever it is signified to me that the state must it so conveyd ~~to her~~ for that purpose.

[Falls of the Wabash 7th Nov 1834

His Excy N Noble
Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the first of this month informing me that by a resolution of the last Legislature it was made the duty of the Governor to ascertain upon what terms I would surrender to the state the ground upon which was fought the memorable battle of Tippecanoe, and in reply I have to inform you that in purchasing the battle ground I was actuated by no other motive than that of possessing it in order to preserve the bones of my companions in arms who fell there, and that it will afford me great pleasure to convey the battleground to the state of Indiana, free of any charge, when ever it is signafied to me that the state wishes it so conveyed for that purpose.]

This communication of General Tipton was transmitted to the legislature by Governor Noble, and on the 7th day of February, 1835, the legislature passed a joint resolution resolving among other things that:

"His Excellency be, and he is hereby, authorized to receive from Hon. John Tipton a deed of conveyance, in fee simple of the Tippecanoe battle-ground, to and in the name of the State of Indiana.

"That the Governor on receiving the conveyance aforesaid, shall, by himself, or a proper sub-agent to be by him appointed, take charge of the said battle-ground, and, if he shall deem it expedient, have the same enclosed with a suitable fence, and that he make report of the proceedings in the premises to the next General Assembly, as also his views and opinions relative to the erection of a suitable monument or memorial on the said battle-ground."

Here is an action of the legislature of Indiana seventy years ago favoring the erection of a monument on the Tippecanoe battle-ground. In accordance with this resolution, John Tipton, and Matilda, his wife, on the 7th day of November, 1836, the twenty-fifth anniversary of this battle, deeded to the State of Indiana the land on which the battle was fought. The deed is recorded in the recorder's office of Tippecanoe County.

On February 4th, 1837, the following joint resolution was passed by the legislature:

"The Governor is hereby further authorized and requested to offer and pay a proper premium for a design for a suitable monument hereafter to be erected upon the Tippecaoe battle-ground, for the erection and completion of which at such time as the legislature may determine, and the finances of the State will permit, the faith of the State is hereby plighted."

Here we find again, nearly seventy years ago, the faith of the State plighted to erect a monument on this spot. Governor Noble went out of office in 1837, in poor health and died in 1844. John

GOVERNOR NOAH NOBLE.

Tipton died in 1839. The monument project was forgotten. The grounds were not taken care of. Cattle roamed over the graves of the heroes here buried. Vandals chopped down the trees; and finally, the Constitutional Convention of 1850 met, and on Saturday morning, December 21, 1850, John Pettit, who was a member of that convention from Tippecanoe County, introduced a resolution to incorporate a section into the constitution making it incumbent on the legislature forever afterward to preserve these grounds. Mr. Pettit made an eloquent speech on this measure. So did Robert Dale Owen and others, and as a result, upon the motion of Mr. Bryant, of Warren County, there was incorporated into the Constitution of this State, Art. 4, Section 10, which reads as follows:

"It shall be the duty of the General Assembly to provide for the permanent enclosure and preservation of the Tippecanoe battle-ground."

On Saturday, December 28, 1850, Mr. Gregg, a member of the Constitutional Convention, offered a resolution to "inquire into the expediency of inserting in the new Constitution a section providing for the erection of a suitable monument on the Tippecanoe battle-ground to commemorate the valor of those who fought, and to perpetuate the memories of those who fell upon this bloody battle-field. The resolution was not adopted but shows that the Constitutional Convention of 1850 realized that the great State of Indiana had been derelict in its duty.

Senator Turpie tells me that he is sure an appropriation was once made by Congress for a monument here, that before the State acted, the time expired and the appropriation reverted back to the United States treasury. The chief bibliographer of the Congressional Library writes to Mr. Crumpacker that he can find no record of an appropriation having been made by Congress.

In 1873 an appropriation of $24,000 was made by the legislature to build a fence and otherwise take care of the ground. Only $18,000 of this money was spent, and $6,000 reverted back to the State treasury. In 1887 there was an appropriation of $3,500 made for painting the fence and other expenditures. There is now a permanent appropriation of $300 by the State each year for the care of these grounds, to be expended by the couny commissioners of Tippecanoe County.

Mr. Crumpacker has introduced a resolution in Congress, appropriating $25,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument or memorial at the Tippecanoe battle-ground. He writes me that the members of Congress from Kentucky have agreed to heartily sup-

port the measure. He thinks that within the next year or two, if not next winter, he will secure the appropriation. He writes me in these words, "I have my heart set upon securing the appropriation for the Tippecanoe monument." As I have said, of so much importance was this battle, that it became the unwritten law of the State in its early history that when new counties were to be named they should be named after men who fought in this battle.

White County, organized in 1834, was named after Isaac White, a Kentuckian, who was killed in the Battle of Tippecanoe.

Wells County was named after Capt. Wm. H. Wells, who had been brought up among the Miami Indians, and who gave the settlers at Vincennes the first information that the Indians intended to attack them. In 1812, Captain Wells was stationed at Fort Dearborn, near Chicago, and was induced by the Indians to have a council with them under a flag of truce, and was lured by them into an ambush, and Captain Wells and his whole party were massacred.

Tipton County, of course, was named after John Tipton. In an early day he made a speech near Tipton, under an old elm tree, and made a treaty with the Indians. They had a great hunt and black bear and other wild game were killed and a great feast was had. It was in commemoration of this event and the distinguished services of Tipton to the State that this county was named after him.

Parke County was named after Capt. Benjamin Parke, who fought in the Battle of Tippecanoe. He was afterwards a member of Congress from the Territory of Indiana, and was the first United States judge for the District of Indiana. In the latter part of his life he became financially embarrassed, and unhesitatingly gave up all his property for the benefit of his creditors. So completely did he deny himself that the family at their meals drank from tin cups. The wife of Captain Parke was named Betsey, and she was held in such high esteem that more baby daughters were named after her than after any other lady in southern Indiana. Chas. Lasselle, of Logansport, has a soup bowl given to Lasselle's mother by Captain Parke after his return from the Battle of Tippecanoe, and which he got at the Prophet's Town the day after the battle. It is as large as a punch bowl, and was scraped out of the heart of an old oak tree by the Indian squaws. It is an interesting relic, and if a memorial hall is ever established here, this old soup bowl should be in it.

Bartholomew County was named after Joseph Bartholomew, who commanded the infantry at the Battle of Tippecanoe. He was a descendant of a Puritan family. He was formerly a citizen of

GENERAL JOSEPH BARTHOLOMEW.

Clark County. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Tippecanoe. He was a member of the legislature in 1821 and 1824. In January, 1821, a new county was formed out of Delaware County, and it was named Bartholomew County, on motion of General Tipton. There is a portrait of General Bartholomew in the court house at Columbus. He died in 1840.

Spencer County was named after Spier Spencer, who commanded the company called "The Yellow Jackets," which company occupied the ground at the southern point of the battle-field, and upon this company fell the brunt of the battle. More men were killed in that company than any other. During the battle Captain Spencer was wounded. J. S. Pfrimmer, of Corydon, writes me: "After Spencer was wounded, he was being carried to the rear by my father and comrade, and while in their arms, was struck by a ball in the shoulder, which ran lengthwise of his body, and killed him outright." In 1842, thirty-one years after the battle, Captain Saunderson, of New Albany, organized a military company and called it the "Spencer Grays," in honor of Captain Spencer, and he and his company made a visit to the widow of Captain Spencer at Corydon.

Daviess County was named after Joseph Hamilton Daviess, a brilliant orator and distinguished citizen of Kentucky, who was killed at this battle. He had been United States District Attorney, and prosecuted Aaron Burr. He once challenged Henry Clay to fight a duel. He was at one time Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity of Kentucky. A county in Illinois, a county in Kentucky, as well as Daviess County, Indiana, were named after this man.

Dubois County was named after Captain Toussant Dubois, who was the "Guide to Tippecanoe." He guided the army from Vincennes to the Prophet's village. He knew the route, as he had been a trader, and often traveled from Vincennes to Detroit. He had great influence with the early pioneers and with the Indians. When General Harrison decided to move against the Indians in 1811, Dubois offered his services. He was captain of the spies and scouts in the Tippecanoe campaign. Dubois was the last man to visit the headstrong Prophet on the evening before the battle. Jesse Kilgore Dubois, a son of Captain Dubois, became a warm friend of Abraham Lincoln. United States Senator Fred T. Dubois, of Idaho, is a grandson of Captain Dubois. On March 11, 1816, Captain Dubois attempted to swim the Wabash River, not far from Vincennes, on horseback, and was drowned.

MAJOR JOSEPH H. DAVIESS.

Floyd County is by some supposed to have been named after John Floyd, a surveyor. By others, it is claimed the county was named after Davis Floyd, who fought in the battle of Tippecanoe. Davis Floyd was an ardent friend of Aaron Burr, and was indicted with him for treason, but when Burr was acquitted, the prosecution against Floyd was abandoned. He was an adjutant in the Battle of Tippecanoe, and was a member of the general assembly of the Territory. His estate was settled in Harrison County. He was admitted to the bar in Clarke County in 1817. In the early days he had been a pilot on the Ohio River.

Warrick County was named after Jacob Warrick, who fell at the Battle of Tippecanoe. General Harrison speaks of him in his report, and said that Warrick was his friend, in whom he had placed great confidence, and never found it misplaced. General Harrison in his report says: "Warrick was shot immediately through the body. On being taken to a surgeon, to have his wound dressed, as soon as it was over, being a man of great vigor and able to walk, he insisted on going back to the head of his company, although it was evident he had but a few hours to live."

Harrison County was named, of course, after William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe.

In 1840 great political meetings were held at the Tippecanoe battle-ground. This was called the singing campaign. In other years great political meetings had been held on this spot. Here the little giant, Stephen A. Douglas, has spoken, and in later years, Roscoe Conkling, James G. Blaine and others. I give herewith a couple of stanzas from two of the old political songs of the singing campaign of 1840.

OLD TIPPECANOE.

Hurrah for the log cabin chief of our joys;
For the old Indian fighter, hurrah!
Hurrah; and from mountain to valley the voice
Of the people re-echo hurrah!

Then come to the ballot box, boys, come along,
He who never lost battle for you
Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng,
And up with old Tippecanoe.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And log cabins, too,
'Twill only help to speed the ball
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too—
Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van, is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

I believe this feature is a natural part of the history of this spot. I believe while we are paying tribute to the heroes buried here, it is not improper to resurrect from the mists of the past, these old songs that our fathers sang sixty years ago.

However, on this day, let us solemnly garland the graves of these heroic dead. Let us sing patriotic songs on this day and have the bands play patriotic music. Let us bring out the children and tell them about Yorktown, and Bunker Hill, about Gettysburg and Vicksburg and Appomattox, about San Juan Hill and Manilla Bay and Santiago, and let us not forget to tell them, also, about the brave deeds of the heroes who fought in the Battle of Tippecanoe, and to tell them that whether or not a monument is ever erected at this spot, the memory of the brave deeds of those who fought here will never perish.

HON. GEORGE. D. PARKS.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. GEORGE D. PARKS.

(Tippecanoe Battle-Field Memorial, Sunday, June 25, 1896.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—On these historic grounds we are assembled today to do honor to the brave men who on the morning of November 7th, 1811, engaged in sanguinary conflict with hordes of savages upon the identical spot where we now stand.

This earth has been drenched in the blood of the loyal sons who gave their all, their lives, for the redemption of an empire in extent from savage cruelty, torture and rapine. Perhaps no battle that was ever fought with the savages in this country has been so replete in results and effect for the spread of civilization and achievement in the gentle victories of peace.

The Battle of Tippecanoe is not noted for the large numbers engaged, for probably General Harrison's whole force, officers and men, did not number a thousand souls, while the number of savages is unknown. Yet for the savage attack, the unfaltering resistance and active aggression on the part of all the troops, officers and men, it may well be pointed to with pride as a military achievement. Encamped upon this little peninsula of dry land a few hundred feet in width, elevated but ten or fifteen feet above the swamps into which it extended, just before the first light of the morning, the favorite hour for savage attack, this small force was suddenly attacked upon all sides by the savages concealed in the swamps and forest. Soldiers, at the first alarm, in reaching for their arms fell before their hands reached the rifle. Savages broke into the very camp, on the heels of the sentinels, and were killed in hand to hand strife. Out of the confusion order was quickly accomplished and the foe repulsed, to again and again return to the attack, while over and above the din and strife the voice of the Prophet from the height across Burnett's Creek, chanted his savage war song. Following the third attack a determined charge was made upon the enemy, who broke and fled to return no more. Nearly 25 per cent. of the entire force were killed or injured, which conclusively shows the sanguinary nature and stubborn character of the conflict. The savage loss was large but unknown. So much for the battle. Allow me for a moment to call to your attention something of preceding conditions and the momentus results of this historic event.

For a period of forty years the citizens of this country, both before and after the War of the Revolution, had been endeavoring

to enter upon and redeem from savage waste the land between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River. An empire in extent. The soil of amazing fertility, covered almost entirely with dense forest, interspersed by occasional prairies, dotted with deer and buffalo, while through the forest depths roamed the wild animals and savage man. A noble land, only waiting for enlightened man in obedience to the divine command to "have dominion and subdue the earth."

During these forty years a mighty army of hardy pioneers, principally of Anglo-Saxon descent, rude, fearless, of mighty bone and sinew, of matchless endurance, the vanguard of civilization, had fought and battled individually with the forces of nature's wilderness and the cunning warfare of a brave, crafty, ruthless savage race, who roamed the forests and the plains, only marking their trail with the charred remains of the cabin homes and the mutilated corpses of their victims. The savages who populated this land I have described had held back, retarded and almost frustrated for forty years the settlement of this magnificent domain, where now dwell more than all the people who lived in the thirteen colonies at the nation's birth. The chief Tecumseh for years had been traveling and laboring among the different tribes of savages from the gulf to the great lakes seeking to weld them together into united resistance to the advance of the Americans, covertly aided by the jealous British, and he was undoubtedly making rapid progress, as was evidenced by signs of increased activity and concentration of the savages along the border.

His principal home was a few miles distant from this spot, at Prophet's Town, on the Wabash River. At this place was a notorious and cowardly medicine man, known as the Prophet, who deluded a large number of the savages at that point with the claim that his "medicine" and incantations would render the bullets of the whites harmless. When Harrison started on his march from Vincennes up the Valley of the Wabash toward Prophet's Town, where the savages were congregating, in response to the efforts of Tecumseh, in his absence in the South, the Prophet induced the savages to attack Harrison at this place.

The Battle of Tippecanoe, thus prematurely brought on by the Prophet and the victory of the troops under Harrison, made futile the work of Tecumseh, and destroyed all hope of future resistance to white occupation. Never after was there anything like combination among the savages in resistance to the white advance.

The Battle of Tippecanoe was, therefore, momentous in its re-

sults, in that it removed the savage bar and opened up to peaceful settlement the great domain extending from the Appalachian mountains to the Father of Waters. More than fifteen millions of people now live upon the immediate territory thus relieved from savage rapine. As we meet here today in the full flush of civilization, peace, content, prosperity, where the smoke of mighty cities of industry and commerce hangs in the air, where the rush and roar of a thousand railroad trains, carrying the products of a million farms and a thousand factories, drowns the noise of the self-binder in the field and the hum of the automobile on the turnpike, but the span of a lifetime separates us from the trackless waste of nature's riches and the horror of the savage war whoop, which drowned the feeble cries of the settler's infant, as he dashed it to death on the humble hearth stone.

Was not the battle we commemorate momentous in result? The brave blood spilled on this earth was not shed in vain. Let us, then, ever do honor and reverence to Harrison and all his noble army, now, and in all the years to come.

REVEREND GEORGE W. SWITZER.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. GEORGE W. SWITZER.

(Tippecanoe Battle-Field Memorial, June 17, 1906.)

Ladies and Gentlemen—I feel that I have a special privilege this afternoon in speaking on this occasion for the society that has been organized and has continued its organization for a number of years for the very worthy purpose not only of memoralizing the soldiers who fell in the advancement of civilzation, but also for the purpose of keeping alive an interest in securing the monument which ought to be here to mark this battle-field, and in honor of the noble men who fell here.

I think it necessary that I should say that the speaker engaged first for this afternoon was Congressman Watson, and we had hoped he could be present and deliver the address, and we know that an address delivered by him would be one worthy of the occasion and worthy of the man. But, on account of official duties, Mr. Watson found he would not be able to come, and I have taken the place —not his place—but the place of the speaker for the afternoon; and word has been sent to Mr. Watson that if he would see that the bill appropriating money for this purpose is pulled out of the pigeon hole and passed by our Congress, we would excuse him for not coming. We hope he will do his part, or try as hard as I shall try to do my part in speaking to you this afternoon. I feel especially interested in meeting today with you in the fact that we have with us one Chief Gabriel Godfroy, the last of the Miamis, who has been known to us by reputation, and the historic records, representing a race in conflict with the soldiers, though neither himself nor his tribe were engaged in the conflict here. And I am glad he is also to speak to you this afternoon. So far as I know this is the first time on this anniversary occasion we have ever had the privilege of welcoming with us one of his race of our brother man. If there were a great number of them here from the tribes who were in the conflict, and they were to ask us what part we had in this conflict, or how could we right the wrongs they might feel that had been heaped upon them, we might have to answer like the boy in the Sunday school class, whose superintendent was reviewing the lesson, and, being of a severe turn of mind, he asked, "Who led the people of Israel out of Egypt?" No one answered, and the superintendent repeated the question with more severity, and a little towheaded fellow arose and said, "Please, sir, it wasn't me; I just came

here from Missouri six weeks ago." (Laughter.) So we would plead an alibi, and be relieved from any embarrassment of the responsibilities, however much we may share today in the benefits and blessings. Having with us this son of the great chief of the Miamis, I am also reminded that not long ago, during the exposition at St. Louis, I had the pleasure, in the Indian Department, of meeting a young, cultured, refined, educated, fine-looking girl who belonged to the Shawnee tribe, and who told me that her grandmother still lived, and was very conversant with the history of the Shawnee tribe when they lived on the banks of the Wabash in this State.

My two grandfathers, about the year 1828, settled in Shelby township, in this county, and their farms were within three-quarters of a mile of where General Harrison and his troops slept on the night of November 5, 1811, and I drove past the place this morning and looked over the ground—now the fields of civilization—with so little of the traces of the army that was there; and I crossed the trail of their march from there to this place.

I am glad also today that there are so many descendants of the men who were personally engaged and well known to history here, to participate in these services. I am glad to know that the relatives of General Tipton are here, some of whom are citizens of Lafayette, and others from other points in the State; that there are relatives here of a soldier by the name of Moore who participated in this conflict, and others who trace their relationship clearly back to those of the militia who were engaged in this conflict.

Within the past week I have looked over a number of the addresses that have been delivered here from time to time, and which I hope will, in the course of time be published in permanent form. A number of them are of very high character. Judge DeHart, who is versed in the history of the early times as well as any of our citizens, has been a speaker on this platform. Mr. Reser, who has done much research, has presented from this platform an address of great worth. Judge Crumpacker, our congressman from this district, has presented from this platform an address that had in it research of a different character, but altogether a valuable paper to be preserved. Others have contributed their part. I have heard only one address from this platform, and that was the address of Gen. Lew Wallace, which address was characteristic of the man in form, and finish and force of delivery. The Hon. Henry Watterson has been here, and Gen. John C. Black has been on this platform. The occasion has brought together here men from afar, as

well as men at home; and their addresses we hope will be preserved and thus hand down to coming generations a history of the events pertaining to this, one of the largest battles, and altogether the most important battle that was ever fought on Indiana soil, and the last great engagement that was fought east of the Mississippi between the white soldiers and the Indians. I think I speak correctly when I say this—the last great battle fought. We are indebted to Professor Pence of Purdue University for a survey and a location of the line or march, the publication of the same, and the gathering together in this little folder which we used here last October at the time of the celebration of the opening of our street car line, of these interesting data. He has served us better than he knew in this, and he has also become interested, and is now bringing to us some rich results of his research—things that have to be brought from far different points, but being put together, are making history, and leaving a record that will be valuable for future reference.

I only need to say a word, but I think that word should be said for the benefit of the younger people, about the coming of General Harrison from Vincennes with about nine hundred men—not all of them reaching here—some of them being left at different places along the line of march, to guard the stock that was left for use on the return march. He started for the Prophet's Town—he started for this place, here, to visit the town of the Prophet, and to meet with them for peace and to obtain, if possible, a settlement of the difference that had arisen between the Indians and the settlers. I would like this afternoon to pay a tribute to Tecumseh. General Wallace said Tecumseh was to be likened to Caesar—that he was a man who was both a warrior and a statesman. Taking everything into consideration—the state of morals, and civilization of ninety-five years ago, Tecumseh was a man of high ideals; a man who in war could observe courtesy and moral principles; and he assured General Harrison that the women and children were not in danger from his men; that he would conduct his campaign only against men. Tecumseh rebuked his own men for immorality and dissipation; and he plead with them far beyond what we might expect at that time, away from brutality and savagery. General Harrison had met Tecumseh before he started from Vincennes. He met him when General Harrison was serving under General Wayne in Ohio. He had met him a number of times personally. Because Tecumseh denied the right of the several tribes to cede away the land that belonged to them as tribes, wishing to form the entire

domain as a confederacy, and because of General Harrison's difference of opinion and belief that there was no injustice done to make a treaty for its possessions, they never came together; and so Harrison, Tecumseh having gone on to the South, perhaps as far as Mississippi, gathered together some United States troops, some Kentucky and Indiana militia, and made his march with nine hundred men the long distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles from Vincennes, crossing the Wabash River on this side of Terre Haute, and coming the rest of the way along the west bank of the Wabash. This was a rich territory for the Indians of the past. Their towns and their villages and the population was as numerous here in this territory as perhaps was to be found anywhere in all the Mississippi Valley. A congressman who spoke to us two or three years ago, and who has given a great deal of study to the Indian question, thought that Ouiatenon, the old French fort of Ouiatenon, down the Wabash, built by the French and afterwards possessed by the English, and then by the Indians, had perhaps, the largest population of any Indian town in America, for their population must be limited to the resources of the surrounding country for a food supply. No very large population could come together. Fish and game must be found in sufficient quantities with the fertile valleys for the raising of the corn they produced. And so there was not a large population anywhere. The conflict here with fewer than one thousand men on each side was not a battle to be compared with many of the battles that have been fought where hundreds of thousands of men have been gathered. But it was a battle justified on the part of those we represent today. We can hardly conceive the pillage and destruction that threatened the whole civilization of that day, which had climbed over the Alleghany mountain range, and was making its way slowly but certainly toward the West. The decision of this battle was the overthrow of Tecumseh's conspiracy—a conspiracy of the tribes. It caused a scattering of the Indians, and the onward march of civilization, unimpeded, was hastened, and today, ninety-five years afterward, we have a transformation that is more marvelous than it is possible for any mind to dream of. So that is the occasion that brings us here. We come with all animosities died out. We come without hatred and without malice. We come as friendly as the blue and the gray who meet on southern battle-fields to talk over the struggle, to talk over the conflict, to rejoice in the victories, and the nation that lives undivided under one flag with one united people. So we come rejoicing that these one hundred years, almost, that have

passed have given us more and more a consciousness that we owe a great debt—a debt we may never pay—a debt we ought to try, as far as possible, to pay; we owe a debt to those who occupied this great country, and lived here, in pursuit of such form of life as they chose. We come in this day without animosity, to gather up our duties and, as far as possible, to aid the Indian. I rejoice in every Indian school. I rejoice in all that is being done today to preserve the great number—for they are not yet a few—the great number of aboriginal inhabitants of this country. I rejoice in their civilization, in their christianization, in their opportunities for usefulness, and the preservation of their blood as a strain that shall flow into our American life.

Not long ago—a year ago, I think it was a few weeks past a year—I came down on a train from Cleveland, and on the train I sat across the aisle from an Indian, and I learned that he was a splendid layman of the Oklahoma country, and he had been to a church meeting—a conference of one of the branches of the Presbyterian church that had met over in Pennsylvania. He had been there as a Christian man, as a Christian layman—there to plead for his race. There was an exhibition of what Christianity may become to a man; and they said to me that he had made a speech that had stirred the great congregation because of its eloquence, its pathos, and its plea for his race, and because of what he exhibited in his own heart, and in his own life. He had the mark of the wild West upon him—had the scars of conflict on him, and yet he had within him the heart of a Christian man, and had within his mind a great desire for the betterment of his race. We rejoice in these things today, and we trust that our government may not only be generous, but may be honest as well with this race. The present Governor of South Dakota, Governor Elrod, an Indiana boy, told me not long ago, that he had served for a number of years in disbursing the funds that the government gave the Indians for their territory, and that he had been in every tribe and place gathering them up and seeing that the last cent that was due them was put into their hands. That we have not been honest with them is well established. It has been said by one who has spoken keenly and humorously, that when our forefathers came to this country the first thing they did was to fall on their knees, and then they fell on the aborigines. We have done more of that than we care to own up to, unless we are anxious that the belief that is ours, that we shall be faithful in the future to give to these people the rights that they deserve, and that the benefits and culture of civilization may be vouchsafed to them; that as

they may live with us they may find, as we may find of them, a better acquaintance and a better confidence, and a restored friendship, and the great nation under whose flag we may together live, and in whose service we may together work.

The occasion that brings us here this afternoon is that we may with flowers and flags decorate the last resting place of these men who fell here in battle. True, there were not many of them. So far as I know the first shot was fired almost from this spot, and the first Indian killed was just a little way beyond. Over here is a mound that marks the last resting place of the soldiers who fell—thirty-seven of them—some of them as noble and brave as ever fell in battle anywhere. There repose the remains of Spencer and Owen, and Daviess, officers of noble character and soldierly bearing. And there are the remains of those of the Indiana militia who fell, and the regulars who went down, and who gave their lives as truly as men ever gave their lives on any battle-field. I need not go into a description of the battle. Their bones were buried here. Their bodies were left here. Harrison left here on the 9th day, and in a few days he was marching back toward the seat of the government of this territory. Afterwards these bodies—by whom we know not—were dug from the ground, and scattered, and their bones bleached in the sun. About twenty years afterward there was a gathering here, and all of them that could be found—the bones that were scattered here and there—were gathered together and buried again; and while these mounds here do not mark the resting place of any special man, yet beneath the sod there rest these men that fell in this battle that broke the federation of the tribes, that was combining for the driving out of this Mississippi Valley the civilization that had climbed over the Alleghanies. The confederacy was broken. Civilization came, and our grandfathers settled here.

This is a rich land, and we would be without honor to ourselves, and without any conscientiousness of having done our duty, if we were to let this matter go by, and be indifferent to the fact that those who fought here gave to us and to civilization this rich land. If I am correct in my statement General Tipton, one who was here as an ensign—a young man in the battle—whose captain fell, whose lieutenant also fell, and when General Harrison met him and said, "Where is your captain?" he said, "He is dead, sir." "Where is your lieutenant?" "He is dead, sir." "And who are you?" "I am the ensign holding the company, and I was put in command." It was no wonder his heart turned back to this place, and that he bought this land, and that he gave this land to the State of Indiana

to be preserved as a battle-field belonging to the State, and that it should be kept perpetually. We received this land from General Tipton, and we owe it to him and to ourselves to care for it.

In looking over the messages of President Madison, is a message to Congress on the 5th of November, 1811, two days before the battle was fought, in which he called attention to this confederacy, and the possibility of trouble here in the West under General Harrison. It was a time, of course, of slow communication, and I was surprised to find that on the 18th, I think, of December, of the same year, he sent a special message to Congress, calling attention to his former message in November; and he said then: "The battle has been fought and the victory has been won, and the men who fell in the battle are deserving, and their families are deserving of special recognition and care by the government."

If President Madison felt at that time that the families of these men were deserving of special care, how much more, and in a larger sense, ought we to feel that these men and the memory of them, and a regard for them, should be deserving of a special attention on our part. It seems to me there is only one argument for this great purpose of erecting here a monument that shall suitably express the conflict and the consequences of that battle that has been so memorable in the making of the history of the civilization in the Mississippi Valley. We are living so close to the past that we have not yet reached the time when we can appreciate the memorial or the monument, and of what it may speak. If we start at the foot of Bunker Hill monument, and climb to its top, and look out over the battle-field of that great conflict, it seems to me no American can do that without feeling an eloquence and inspiration. It makes for character; it makes for reputation; it makes for patriotism; it makes for devotion to country.

I stood time and again for a few weeks looking upon that great monument to Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square, London. That great statue of Nelson, chiseled out of stone, is elevated high upon its pedestal so that it can be seen from every part almost of that great city. Upon that stone there is chiseled the immortal words, "England expects every man to do his duty." The monument to Nelson prevents him and what he did from being forgotten. It is an eloquent plea to England's present and coming generations, and no doubt that monument is largely influential in producing that characteristic that makes every Britisher so loyal, to his heart's core, to his country.

Our monument at Indianapolis, beautiful, artistic, graceful, in-

viting, stands there in that circle. We have not begun to feel the power of it yet. It means more than those who fell. It means the cause; it means the consequences. It stands there as a monument to Indiana's part in the great conflict of the sixties; as a monument to the fact that there was scarcely a battle in all that great conflict of more than four years but what Indiana men participated in; that there was scarcely a battle in which there was a great loss of life, or any loss of life, that Indiana's men were not nearer the ranks of the enemy than the men of any other State of the Union. (Applause.) That is history. We are proud of it. (Renewed applause.) We can not afford to dispense with it. If we were to pay over one hundred times all it cost, we could not afford to be without it. We could not afford to dispense with its eloquent silence. We could not afford to let our old Hoosier State do without this tribute to the patriotism of its soldiers. It means more than Indiana; it means more than Kentucky also. It means the whole Mississippi Valley. It means more than that. It means our whole nation.

These men who fell here, and who fought here, made their march through a wilderness, part of the time transporting their provision barges on the Wabash, part of the time hauling them in wagons through the forests, without roads; making their way fearlessly and bravely into the heart of this country, knowing the territory and knowing the dangers—they came here, if possible, without bloodshed, to have a solution and settlement of the conflict, but if bloodshed must come to meet it bravely, and bravely they did meet it.

The amount asked for this monument is but a pittance out of the treasury of our land. We can not afford not to do it. So I come this afternoon speaking these words for this cause. I trust that tomorrow morning when the good people of Battle Ground and Lafayette will entertain the three hundred editors who will be here, and who will stand here on the battle-field and see the decorations and the flowers and flags, and who will then scatter to their homes in three hundred different places—I hope they will carry with them a fire of enthusiasm that shall be poured into the hearts and consciences of their congressmen until that bill shall be brought forward and receive not a dissenting vote and be passed, and that a tribute so deserving shall stand here within a few years to mark this historic spot. (Applause.) I go past here on the Monon frequently; and seldom do I pass here on a through train, when we pass this battle-field, that I do not see more than one in every

car looking at this historic ground and talking about it. It is a place that is known. The other day I came here with an ambassador, a diplomat, a scholar and a statesman, and when on the battlefield I gave him one of these little pamphlets, and he sat down to look it over, and familiarize himself with the details, although he was familiar with the general history of the conflict. It interested him very much. So we want to disseminate and scatter these details and the history of this conflict, and the results, and thus we shall soon find a rising tide coming to bear this great cause on to a successful issue.

I plead for the men who have organized and stood back of this project, the men who have pushed it forward, the men who have a determination to stand for this great cause until the end has been accomplished.

This is a great time in our civilization. We may be at a peculiar epoch. We do not know. But it is a time not for crimination and recrimination. It is a time for hope. It is a time for optimism. It is a time to have confidence in our State and in our government. It is a time when we should be watchful and careful as to our soldiers in time of war. It is a time to be broad and generous; a time to make such a record as will lift our State and our country through this period up into a clearer atmosphere, up into a holier life, and into a broader citizenship; a time for our statesmanship to rise so far above the demagogue that there will be no chance whatever for him who has only his own glory, to get a burning passion in his soul for the welfare of our flag and all it represents.

Now, my friends, I have spoken as long as I ought to speak, and perhaps longer. One thing I noticed in regard to all the speeches I saw, and that was their brevity, and I am reminded I must not detain you. I am glad so many are here today. Not to hear me have you come, but you have come to hear a brother man who comes today to help us in the inspiration of this noble cause. You have come because there is a growing interest in this great cause. So I commit to you the personal interest, the personal enthusiasm, the personal influence, so far as it can come, that everywhere you may go shall be toward this end, that a monument may be erected here that shall stand and speak to the centuries to follow, a lesson of our struggle and the victory which we shall win. I thank you.

THOMAS J. WILSON.

ADDRESS BY THOMAS J. WILSON,

(Delivered at Tippecanoe Battle-Ground, Sunday, June 16, 1907.)

[Mr. Thomas J. Wilson is a Great Grandson of Captain Spier Spencer, Killed at the Battle of Tippecanoe.]

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is significant of the unsettled conditions in this country in the early part of the last century, and a striking proof of how little attention was paid to facts that would be welcomed by the historians of today, that men whose deeds of daring and patriotism made our State and its early development possible, came, did their duty, and died; and today, fewer than one hundred years later, the vast majority of their descendants can not tell the date of their birth, nor the place from whence they came to settle in this State.

Spier Spencer was acting as sheriff of Harrison County prior to 1811, when General Harrison was organizing his army with which to meet the coming attempt of the great chieftain, Tecumseh, and his brother, the Prophet, to organize the Indians and drive the white man from the Northwest. Tradition has it that he came to the little village of Corydon, which after his death was to be the State as well as the territorial capital, about the year 1809, from Vincennes. It is also said that he was one of Mad Anthony Wayne's seasoned veterans, and the fact that his wife was Delilah Polk, of Kentucky, who was herself when a child held captive by the Indians for eleven months, would indicate that his life was spent on the frontier, and a strong probability that he was born in Kentucky himself, a probability strengthened by the fact that his brother George, who was with him in his last battle, was living at one time in that State.

It was natural that he should organize from the brave and spirited pioneers who were settling southern Indiana a company to serve under Harrison in the defense of their homes and little ones. Knowing the dangers and hardships of a long Indian campaign as he did, proof of the desperate need for more men and of the man's intense patriotism is shown by the taking with him of his son, Edward, a child of but fourteen years of age, but well grown and able to carry a rifle. His brother, George Spencer, was in the company of forty-seven men, exclusive of the officers, and we hear of John M. Tuell, Zachariah Ingram, William Hurst, Elijah Hurst, James Hubbard, Elijah Hubbard, Samuel Pfrimmer, Daniel Cline, John

Cline, James Watts, Abraham Walk, Samuel Flanagan, Jacob Zenor, a McMahon, a Buskirk and a Bogard. The company was called the Yellow Jackets.

Purposely or accidentally, his company was the one placed where the most bloody fighting in all that bloody fight was done.

The Indians were in hand to hand combat with our men at times, and Spier Spencer, in the front rank, was soon shot down.

Samuel Pfrimmer and Bogard lifted him in their arms and started to carry him to a protected place, but a second bullet struck him in his shoulder, and, ranging lengthwise through his body, killed him almost instantly. Harrison seeing the critical condition of affairs, rode up, as related by one of his staff, and asked of Ensign Tipton, "Where is your captain?" "Dead, sir," was the reply. "Where is your first lieutenant?" "Dead, sir." "Where is your second-lieutenant?" Dead, sir." "Where is your ensign?" "He stands before you." "Hold your position a little longer, my brave lad, and I will send you assistance," the General replied.

The battle lasted two hours and twenty minutes, and in addition to Captain Spencer, Lieutenant McMahan and Captain Berry attached to the company, there were five others killed and fifteen wounded, a total of twenty-three out of forty-seven, or fifty per cent. of dead and wounded.

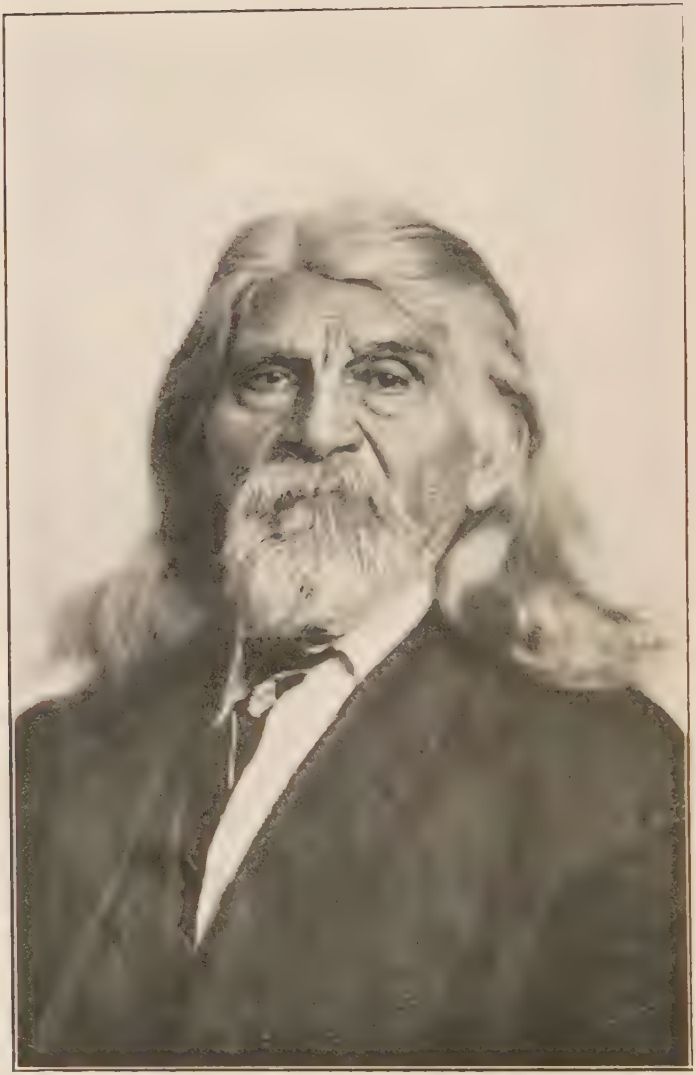
Among the wounded was George Spencer, the brother, who was so badly injured that he died when they reached the Wabash on their way home.

General Harrison, with the kindness of the truly great, took the fatherless boy, Edward, under his care for the remainder of the campaign, and then secured his admission into West Point, assigning as a reason, bravery shown on the field of battle; and later he secured admission of a younger son to the same institution. And from that time on, there has always been in the army of the United States some descendant of Spier Spencer, trying to live up to the standard of bravery and patriotism set for them by him who has slept so long beneath this soil.

ADDRESS BY GABRIEL GODFROY.

(At Tippecanoe Battle-ground, Sunday, June 16, 1907.)

My Kind Friends—I have got no learning. I have no education. I cannot talk to you like the white man. I can only tell you of things I have seen and that have been told me. My father lived near Peru. I was born there. I cannot read or write. When a little boy I passed through Lafayette on my way to a Catholic school at Vincennes. I could only use the Miami language. We went from Lafayette to Vincennes on a packet boat. I was only six months there when my mother got homesick for me and I went home on a sleigh. I went home and went to hunting squirrels, and never went to school any more. My people, the Miamis, made peace with the whites in Washington's time and we never violated it. My people did not take part in the battle of Tippecanoe. If they had, the result would have been different, for it was very close anyhow. The red men made their treaties and kept them, but the white men did not. Whenever they were dissatisfied they would give us a little money and then make a new treaty. I am a Miami. My father was half Indian and half French, and his name was Francis Godfroy. I was born in 1834. The Miamis were the stoutest and swiftest of all the Indians. Indian always keeps his word; white man don't. White man mighty uncertain. (Laughter.) I used to own a good deal of land. I have only forty-eight acres now. I was cheated out of my property by the white man. I have had nineteen children and three wives. Indian believe in big families like President Roosevelt. (Laughter.) My second wife was a granddaughter of Frances Slocum. I often saw Frances Slocum. She looked like a squaw, not like a white woman. She was a pretty large woman but not very tall. Her picture looks like her. I married the granddaughter of Frances Slocum in 1858. The Miamis, all except three families, were sent across the Mississippi in 1846, to Kansas, and afterwards to the Territory. Frances grieved when her people were sent away, and soon died, in 1847. Her daughter died the same month. Frances was stolen by a Delaware Indian and lived near Niagara Falls. This Delaware Indian would never stay where there were many Indians, but would move way off to himself for fear some one would steal the child. Frances was a very stout young girl. She could break ponies, and could jump on ponies when they were running. One day when she was



GABRIEL GODFROY.

living with her Delaware father, she found a wounded Indian leaning against a tree. She and her Delaware Indian father took this Indian, who was a Miami, and nursed him back to health. When he got well he hunted for the Delaware, who was getting old, to pay him for taking care of him. When the Delaware came to die, he said to the man, "You have been good to me. You shall have this white woman for a wife." So, after the death of the Delaware, this Miami, who was deaf, took Frances as his wife, and went back among the Miamis, where he had been chief soldier, and became chief, and lived at Deaf Man's Village, on the Mississinewa. He died in 1833, when Frances was quite a young woman. I have sold the relics of Frances Slocum for three hundred dollars, and they have gone to Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, and to Detroit. I had to have the money. I used to run races when I was young. One time I ran a race with a white man. In the first race the white man beat me; but I saw he was short-winded; so in the next race, I doubled the distance, and beat him easily. The word Wabash means White Stone River; Tippecanoe means Buffalo Fish; Mississinewa means Falling Water. I am glad you put up monument to white man, for white man was brave. So was Indian.

JUDGE ISAAC NAYLOR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

(From a Lately Discovered Manuscript.)

I became a volunteer member of a company of riflemen, and on the 12th of September, 1811, we commenced our march toward Vincennes, and arrived there in about six days, marching about 120 miles. We remained there about a week and took up the march to a point on the Wabash River sixty miles above, on the east bank of the river, where we erected a stockade fort, which we named Fort Harrison. This was three miles above where the city of Terre Haute now stands. Col. Joseph H. Daviess, who commanded the dragoons, named the fort. The glorious defense of this fort nine months after by Captain Zachary Taylor was the first step in his brilliant career that afterwards made him President of the United States. A few days later we took up the march again for the seat of Indian warfare, where we arrived on the evening of November 6, 1811.

When the army arrived in view of the Prophet's town, an Indian was seen coming toward General Harrison with a white flag suspended on a pole. Here the army halted, and a parley was had between General Harrison and an Indian delegation, who assured the General that they desired peace, and solemnly promised to meet him next day in council, to settle the terms of peace and friendship between them and the United States.

Gen. Marston G. Clark, who was then brigade major, and Waller Taylor, one of the judges of the General Court of the Territory of Indiana, and afterwards a Senator of the United States from Indiana (one of the General's aides), were ordered to select a place for the encampment, which they did. The army then marched to the ground selected about sunset. A strong guard was placed around the encampment, commanded by Capt. James Bigger and three lieutenants. The troops were ordered to sleep on their arms. The night being cold, large fires were made along the lines of encampment and each soldier retired to rest, sleeping on his arms.

Having seen a number of squaws and children at the town I thought the Indians were not disposed to fight. About ten o'clock at night Joseph Warnock and myself retired to rest, he taking one side of the fire and I the other, the other members of our company being all asleep. My friend Warnock had dreamed, the night be-

fore, a bad dream which foreboded something fatal to him or to some of his family, as he told me. Having myself no confidence in dreams, I thought but little about the matter, although I observed that he never smiled afterwards.

I awoke about four o'clock the next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, having heard in a dream the firing of guns and the whistling of bullets just before I awoke from my slumber. A drizzling rain was falling and all things were still and quiet throughout the camp. I was engaged in making a calculation when I should arrive home.

In a few moments I heard the crack of a rifle in the direction of the point where now stands the Battle Ground House, which is occupied by Captain DuTiel as a tavern* I had just time to think that some sentinel was alarmed and fired his rifle without a real cause, when I heard the crack of another rifle, followed by an awful Indian yell all around the encampment. In less than a minute I saw the Indians charging our line most furiously and shooting a great many rifle balls into our camp fires, throwing the live coals into the air three or four feet high.

At this moment my friend Warnock was shot by a rifle ball through his body. He ran a few yards and fell dead on the ground. Our lines were broken and a few Indians were found on the inside of the encampment. In a few moments they were all killed. Our lines closed up and our men in their proper places. One Indian was killed in the back part of Captain Geiger's tent, while he was attempting to tomahawk the Captain.

The sentinels, closely pursued by the Indians, came to the lines of the encampment in haste and confusion. My brother, William Naylor, was on guard. He was pursued so rapidly and furiously that he ran to the nearest point on the left flank, where he remained with a company of regular soldiers until the battle was near its termination. A young man, whose name was Daniel Pettit, was pursued so closely and furiously by an Indian as he was running from the guard line to our lines, that to save his life he cocked his rifle as he ran and turning suddenly around, placed the muzzle of his gun against the body of the Indian and shot an ounce ball through him. The Indian fired his gun at the same instant, but it being longer than Pettit's the muzzle passed by him and set fire to a handkerchief which he had tied around his head. The Indians made four or five most fierce charges on our lines, yelling and screaming

* The DuTiel Tavern was just north of the camp-meeting grounds and along the line of the Monon Railroad.—Alva O. Reser.

as they advanced, shooting balls and arrows into our ranks. At each charge they were driven back in confusion, carrying off their dead and wounded as they retreated.

Colonel Owen, of Shelby County, Kentucky, one of General Harrison's volunteer aides, fell early in action by the side of the General. He was a member of the legislature at the time of his death. Colonel Daviess was mortally wounded early in the battle, gallantly charging the Indians on foot with his sword and pistols, according to his own request. He made this request three times of General Harrison, before he was permitted to make the charge. This charge was made by himself and eight dragoons on foot near the angle formed by the left flank and front line of the encampment. Colonel Daviess lived about thirty-six hours after he was wounded, manifesting his ruling passions in life—ambition, patriotism and an ardent love of military glory. During the last hours of his life he said to his friends around him that he had but one thing to regret—that he had military talents; that he was about to be cut down in the meridian of life without having an opportunity of displaying them for his own honor, and the good of his country. He was buried alone with the honors of war near the right flank of the army, inside of the lines of the encampment, between two trees. On one of these trees the letter "D" is now visible. Nothing but the stump of the other remains. His grave was made here, to conceal it from the Indians. It was filled up to the top with earth and then covered with oak leaves. I presume the Indians never found it. This precautionary act was performed as a mark of peculiar respect for a distinguished hero and patriot of Kentucky.

Captain Spencer's company of mounted riflemen composed the right flank of the army. Captain Spencer and both his lieutenants were killed. John Tipton was elected and commissioned as captain of this company in one hour after the battle, as a reward for his cool and deliberate heroism displayed during the action. He died at Logansport in 1839, having been twice elected Senator of the United States from the State of Indiana.

The clear, calm voice of General Harrison was heard in words of heroism in every part of the encampment during the action. Colonel Boyd behaved very bravely after repeating these words: "Huzza! My sons of gold, a few more fires and victory will be ours!"

Just after daylight the Indians retreated across the prairie toward their town, carrying off their wounded. This retreat was from the right flank of the encampment, commanded by Captains

Spencer and Robb, having retreated from the other portions of the encampment a few minutes before. As their retreat became visible, an almost deafening and universal shout was raised by our men. "Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!" This shout was almost equal to that of the savages at the commencement of the battle; ours was the shout of victory, theirs was the shout of ferocious but disappointed hope.

The morning light disclosed the fact that the killed and wounded of our army, numbering between eight and nine hundred men, amounted to one hundred and eight. Thirty-six Indians were found near our lines. Many of their dead were carried off during the battle. This fact was proved by the discovery of many Indian graves recently made near their town. Ours was a bloody victory, theirs a bloody defeat.

Soon after breakfast an Indian chief was discovered on the prairie, about eighty yards from our front line, wrapped in a piece of white cloth. He was found by a soldier by the name of Miller, a resident of Jeffersonville, Indiana. The Indian was wounded in one of his legs, the ball having penetrated his knee and passed down his leg, breaking the bone as it passed. Miller put his foot against him and he raised up his head and said: "Don't kill me, don't kill me." At the same time five or six regular soldiers tried to shoot him, but their muskets snapped and missed fire. Major Davis Floyd came riding toward him with dragoon sword and pistols and said he would show them how to kill Indians, when a messenger came from General Harrison commanding that he should be taken prisoner. He was taken into camp, where the surgeons dressed his wounds. Here he refused to speak a word of English or tell a word of truth. Through the medium of an interpreter he said that he was a friend to the white people and that the Indians shot him while he was coming to the camp to tell General Harrison that they were about to attack the army. He refused to have his leg amputated, though he was told that amputation was the only means of saving his life. One dogma of Indian superstition is that all good and brave Indians, when they die, go to a delightful region, abounding with deer and other game, and to be a successful hunter he should have all his limbs, his gun and his dog. He therefore preferred death with all his limbs to life without them. In accordance with his request he was left to die, in company with an old squaw, who was found in the Indian town the next day after he was taken prisoner. They were left in one of our tents.

At the time this Indian was taken prisoner, another Indian, who was wounded in the body, rose to his feet in the middle of the prairie and began to walk towards the woods on the opposite side. A number of regular soldiers shot at him but missed him. A man who was a member of the same company with me, Henry Huckleberry, ran a few steps into the prairie and shot an ounce ball through his body and he fell dead near the margin of the woods. Some Kentucky volunteers went across the prairie immediately and scalped, him, dividing his scalp into four pieces, each one cutting a hole in each piece, putting the ramrod through the hole, and placing his part of the scalp just behind the first thimble of his gun, near its muzzle. Such was the fate of nearly all of the Indians found dead on the battle-ground, and such was the disposition of their scalps.

The death of Owen, and the fact that Daviess was mortally wounded, with the remembrance also that a large portion of Kentucky's best blood had been shed by the Indians, must be their apology for this barbarous conduct. Such conduct will be excused by all who witnessed the treachery of the Indians, and saw the bloody scenes of this battle.

Tecumseh being absent at the time of the battle, a chief called White Loon was the chief commander of the Indians. He was seen in the morning after the battle, riding a large white horse in the woods across the prairie, where he was shot at by a volunteer named Montgomery, who is now living in the southwest part of this State. At the crack of his rifle the horse jumped as if the ball had hit him. The Indian rode off toward the town and we saw him no more. During the battle the Prophet was safely located on a hill, beyond the reach of our balls, praying to the Great Spirit to give victory to the Indians, having previously assured them that the Great Spirit would change our powder into ashes and sand.

We had about forty head of beef cattle when we came to the battle. They all ran off the night of the battle, or they were driven off by the Indians, so that they were all lost. We received rations for two days on the morning after the action. We received no more rations until the next Tuesday evening, being six days afterwards. The Indians having retreated to their town, we performed the solemn duty of consigning to their graves our dead soldiers, without shrouds or coffins. They were placed in graves about two feet deep, from five to ten in each grave.

General Harrison having learned that Tecumseh was expected to return from the south with a number of Indians whom he had en-

listed in his cause, called a council of his officers, who advised him to remain on the battle-field and fortify his camp by a breastwork of logs, about four feet high. This work was completed during the day and all the troops were placed immediately behind each line of the work when they were ordered to pass the watchword from right to left every five minutes, so that no man was permitted to sleep during the night. The watchword on the night before the battle was "Wide awake, Wide awake." To me it was a long, cold, cheerless night.

On the next day the dragoons went to Prophet's Town, which they found deserted by all the Indians, except an old squaw, whom they brought into the camp and left her with the wounded chief before mentioned. The dragoons set fire to the town and it was all consumed, casting up a brilliant light amid the darkness of the ensuing night. I arrived at the town when it was about half on fire. I found large quantities of corn, beans and peas. I filled my knapsack with these articles and carried them to the camp and divided them with the members of our mess, consisting of six men. Having these articles of food, we declined eating horse flesh, which was eaten by a large portion of our men.

Report of Federal Commissioners.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 23, 1908.

To The Honorable, The Secretary of War:

SIR—The Tippecanoe Battle-field Monument Commission respectfully reports that it has completed the service for which it was appointed, and submits the following account of its proceedings:

Under the Federal statute authorizing the construction of a monument on the Tippecanoe battle-field, and appropriating $12,500 therefor, J. Frank Hanly, Governor of the State of Indiana, Mr. Job S. Sims, President of the Tippecanoe Battle-field Memorial Association, and Mr. Albert A. Jones, were appointed commissioners on behalf of the Federal Government. Under the statute of the State of Indiana authorizing the construction of such monument and appropriating a like amount, Mr. Sims, Mr. Jones and Mr. Wesley E. Wells were appointed commissioners on behalf of the State.

The Federal Commission organized by electing J. Frank Hanly, chairman, and Mr. Albert A. Jones as secretary. The State Commission elected Mr. Job S. Sims, chairman, and Mr. Albert A. Jones as secretary. By the terms of the Federal statute the fund appropriated by the State was required to be paid into the hands of the Federal authorities before a contract for the erection of the monument could be let. This was done by the Indiana Commission. Its work therefore closed, but Mr. Wells continued to co-operate with the Federal Commission and rendered valuable services until the completion and dedication of the monument.

Plans, specifications and contract for the proposed monument were submitted to your honorable predecessor and by him approved. The contract was let to McDonnell & Sons, of Buffalo, New York, for the sum of $24,500, and was by them completed November 6th, 1908, and the monument immediately thereafter accepted by the Commission. It is constructed of white Barre granite, all inscription plates being in Montello granite. It is beautiful, dignified and imposing in character, and constitutes a fitting memorial to

the brave men whose valor it commemorates. It was unveiled with impressive ceremonies, November 7th, 1908, on the ninety-seventh anniversary of the battle.

A statement of receipts and expenditures, showing disbursements in detail, is submitted herewith.

Very respectfully submitted,

J. Frank Hanly,
Job S. Sims,
Albert A. Jones,
Federal Commissioners.

Financial Statement.

RECEIPTS.

From Federal Appropriation	$12,500 00	
From State Appropriation	12,500 00	
		$25,000 00

EXPENDITURES.

McDonnell & Sons, contractors, as per contract	$24,500 00	
Job S. Sims, expenses as commissioner	21 00	
Wesley E. Wells, expenses as commissioner	19 15	
Albert A. Jones, expenses as commissioner	80 02	
General E. A. Carmen, representing the Secretary of War, expenses	53 95	
Secretary of War, expense of telegrams	2 00	
Expenses incidental and unveiling	221 75	
Transportation of State troops for unveiling	102 03	
	$24,999 90	
Unexpended balance	10	
		$25,000 00

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